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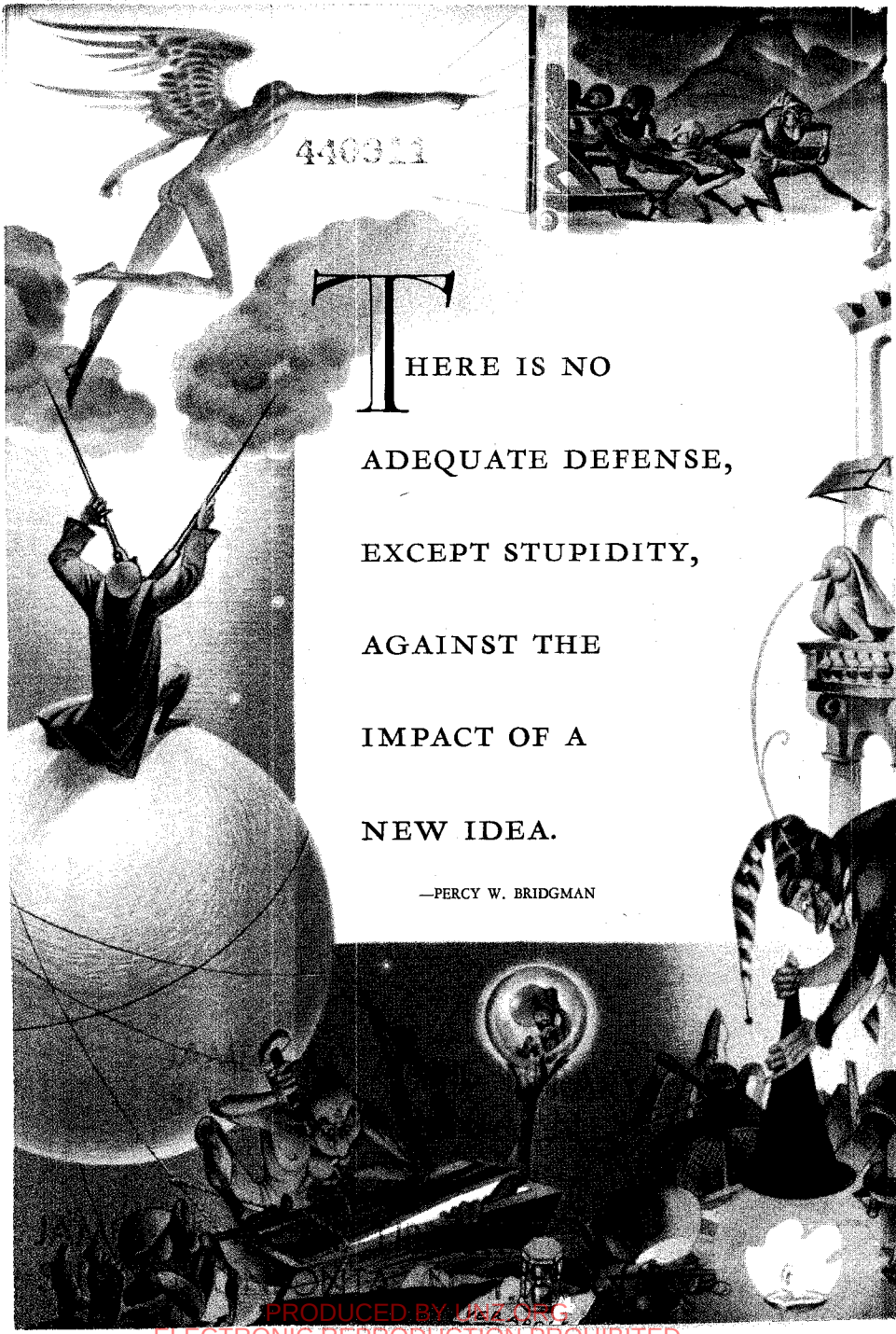

THERE IS NO

ADEQUATE DEFENSE,

EXCEPT STUPIDITY,

AGAINST THE

IMPACT OF A

NEW IDEA.

—PERCY W. BRIDGMAN

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Coronet

Endless Variety in Stories and Pictures

by ROGER WILLIAM RIIS

Beware of Legalized Gambling

I wish this article could be read by every American. It is critically important. The popular idea that legalized gambling is good sport is nonsense. It is deliberate crookedness, and when sanctioned by law would be a debauching influence of disastrous proportions. Mr. Riis has told the truth with the frills stripped off.

—DR. HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK, Noted Clergyman

SHALL WE LEGALIZE gambling? Today, in many communities, the campaign to legalize it is under way. Well-intentioned but misinformed individuals have even made periodic proposals to Congress for a national lottery.

If we want our towns and cities dominated by gangsters, racketeers, confidence men, commercialized prostitution and rotten politics, then we should legalize gambling. If we don't want these cheerful elements to take control by sly and sinister plotting, then we should not legalize gambling. Corruption, crookedness and gambling go hand in hand, and never yet has it been possible to separate them.

There can be no "honest" professional gambling, any more than white can be black. Gambling is dishonest from the ground up. So are its implements. Its cards are marked, its dice loaded, its roulette wheels, slot machines and other devices are rigged. This is not fiction —but fact.

You can buy crooked equipment from manufacturers who operate openly; it is quite legal to make trick gambling devices, and the selling literature of such firms is very frank.

"Card work is one of our specialties," says one catalogue. "Perfect markings . . . inks made in our own factory blend perfectly . . . six decks, $14. Sample deck, $2.50."

And again: "Tapping dice can be changed *instantly* from fair dice to percentage dice and back to fair." "The last word in a card-

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holdout machine, operated with either straight-leg or knee-spread movement." "The most satisfactory controlled roulette outfit ever produced; put the ball in any number any time without fear of detection." "With this ring you can read cards as you deal."

An investigator gathering factual material for this article walked into one of these factories, a four-story plant, and said: "I'm an amateur card player. I'd like a pack of cards I can read easily from the back, and some dice which will win when I roll with friends."

"I guess you want dice that roll sixes," said the salesman as he handed him the cards. The five dice he produced next certainly did roll sixes. The salesman gave a lesson in their correct use, but it was unnecessary. These talented dice really like the six uppermost. Drop them in a tumbler of water, six-side down, and they leap to attention and reverse themselves.

GAMBLING, THEN, starts with dishonest implements. The roulette wheels and slot machines can be manipulated and set to any desired percentage against the player, though the "ethical" gambling dens give you, the sucker, an occasional break. In the policy racket, however, the odds run as high as 1,426,425 to 1 against the player.

When crooked gambling devices get into wide public use the story becomes scarlet, for the "take" by the management is so tremendous that it creates an irresistible lure for criminals and their political allies. Al Capone, it has been calculated, netted $25,000,000 annually from gambling operations alone. Recently an official in one Eastern city was offered several hundred thousand dollars by the representative of a gambling syndicate for simply not objecting to a political appointment in a single city precinct.

Gambling dives, you see, are rich pastures, and the struggle to control them in any community becomes fierce and bloody. There is no better authority on this subject than the Chicago Crime Commission, whose able operating director, Virgil W. Peterson, was for years an important figure in the FBI. Peterson has just completed a study of gambling and its bitter gang wars.

Look at the killing among big and little chiefs of Chicago's gambling world during just the last two years. Call the roll: Ben Zuckerman, Sam Gervase, James de Angelo, Thomas O'Neglia, John Williams, "Sonny Boy" Quirk, Danny Stanton, Louis Dorman, J. Livert Kelly, James Larkin, Frank Covelli —all shot or knifed or clubbed to death by gambling competition.

But, says the skeptic, this is after all Chicago, a city long noted for gang wars. No more ghastly mistake can be made. This is not Chicago—this is gambling, and it never has been any different. This is no matter of a few dollars won or lost in a "little friendly game"—it is the unvarying history of big-time gambling everywhere in the United States. The broad-minded liberal who urges us to "forget our puritan leanings and be modern" might just as well become an open ally of the underworld.

New Orleans, for instance, has a lurid gambling history. The famous Louisiana Lottery Company of-

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fered to pay the State $1,250,000 a year for the lottery privilege, while pledging $40,000 to a charity hospital. New Orleans has alternated between periods when gambling was legalized and when it was angrily prohibited. Once the city fathers thought they had a safe system: they licensed only six houses, thinking surely they could keep so few in order. But of course they could not. A horde of gamblers flocked in from all over the country, crime ran unrestrained, gangs of thieves, murderers, gamblers and politicians plotted to put the protesting public in its place by bloody warfare.

The same gangs controlled Vicksburg. There, the citizens rose in armed rebellion and, with tar and feathers in hand, ordered the gamblers to leave town within 24 hours. Did they? The gamblers piled up ammunition and dug in. The battle was sharp but the citizens won. They hanged five gamblers and burned all of the gambling dens.

Every time a community has tried to license gambling, it has had to repeal the law promptly when vice got completely out of hand. It is an inescapable law: you cannot have gentle, controlled gambling. That is why, after all the experiments, gambling today is outlawed in 47 states.

Nevada is the only exception, and Nevada's history as a national center of fraudulent activities is not enviable. In 1944, the State earned $161,190 in revenue from gambling licenses. Yet in that same year there were single gambling emporiums that made profits (losses to patrons) of $1,500,000.

Gambling flourishes in the big cities because it is protected by politicians allied with criminal elements. The protection, well paid for, is arranged around corners, perhaps through an alderman and a police captain.

Worth noting is the case of Huey

Two Noted Americans Say "No!"

There are some who favor widespread legalization of gambling on the pretext that the State can increase its revenue through taxation of such legalized immorality. Legislative approval of gambling can lead only to further undermining of the character of our youth and of our national moral fiber. All Americans interested in the progress of this country should oppose further legalization of gambling with all their power.—SENATOR ARTHUR CAPPER OF KANSAS

Here is a test question for you to answer before you support the legalization of gambling: do you want your youngster to do the kind of gambling these proposed laws would legalize? Remember, if it is legal for you, it will be legal for him. Do you want to encourage in your child the habit of trying to get something for nothing—or the habit of weighing values and using his best capacities to get results?—KATHARINE F. LENROOT, CHIEF, CHILDREN'S BUREAU, U. S. DEPARTMENT OF LABOR

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Long when he was dictator of Louisiana. He needed a lieutenant to take charge of the slot-machine business for Long's political machine. From New York he imported a notorious convict, Frank Costello, who had been active in Manhattan's slot-machine racket. An intimate of Al Capone, Arnold Rothstein and Dutch Schultz, Costello was also a figure in Tammany Hall. He left New York partly at the invitation of Huey Long, but also because Mayor La Guardia drove him out.

When, in 1943, Thomas A. Aurelio won a nomination for the Supreme Court of New York State, one of his first acts was to telephone Costello and thank him for his help in getting the nomination.

In the light of its history, what good would it do to legalize gambling? Mere enactment of a license law in no way changes the gangsters' established control of gambling. It only removes all chance of law enforcement by setting the seal of legality on crime. The policeman or politician who today protects a gambling house is not going to close that house tomorrow if gambling becomes legal. On the contrary, the last restraint will be struck off, leaving him free to expand and flourish.

The brother of the business manager of the Capone network operated a bookie establishment for 15 years, within a few hundred yards of Chicago's Central Police Station. Police have been seen in the establishment; there was only a minimum of interference from the law. Only the most naïve could believe that this man would cease to be a gambling boss merely because the license to operate became legal.

But, protest the well-meaning and misinformed, there is a powerful human instinct which seeks expression in gambling. Since we can't suppress it, we might as well license it. But we don't perpetrate this absurd illogic in talking about other powerful human instincts. The sex instinct is universal yet no one suggests laws to condone promiscuity. People like to drive cars faster than the speed limit but no one advocates the licensing of traffic violations.

Big-time gambling is unique in being wholly parasitic. It produces no new wealth, performs no useful service. It walks hand in hand with gangsterism, theft and murder. Any and every attempt to legalize it must be met with instant opposition from the great majority of citizens who want to keep their homes and their communities free of corruption and crookedness.

The Time for Decision

THE EXPECTANT young father, registering his wife in the maternity ward, turned to her and asked anxiously, "Darling, are you positive you want to go through with this?" —*The Ship's Log*

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An eminent physicist envisions a world revitalized through a dynamic new faith

An Atomic Scientist Looks to God

by DR. ARTHUR H. COMPTON

THE UNLOCKING of the secret of atomic energy may prove to be science's supreme gift to the world, but I am convinced that the smallest part of this gift is the vastly increased power to be put ultimately at man's disposal. The vitally important fact is that with more power comes increased freedom and responsibility, and that in learning to use this power to his own good, man becomes more human.

Instead of being afraid of unleashed power, we must match it with an increasingly dynamic faith.

Facing the realities of the atomic age, we must learn to love our neighbors as was taught 2,000 years ago by the Prince of Peace, and to practice the justice proclaimed before Him by the prophets of Israel.

Thus our problem today is not material but spiritual. We must begin immediately the creation of a world-wide fellowship, binding together all men in one body. Is this possible? Yes, it is. I am told that there are something like 700 international organizations already in existence, ranging from bee keepers to lawyers, from hairdressers to astronomers. Thus the whole of science forms a community of interest that can stretch across national boundaries to achieve the universal interest of all—world peace.

We must, however, approach the issue in a calm, positive manner. Recently a wave of hysteria has swept the world, stirred by the fear that if we don't get together we shall all perish. This fear has a logical basis. Yet fear must not be the compelling motive behind world cooperation. Fear is negative. At best it

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serves as a warning. But if allowed unlimited sway, it easily produces paralysis of the mind.

There is only one basis for world peace and uninterrupted progress: a vital and continuing faith. Faith is positive. It looks to the future; it emboldens man for any task; it gives him confidence in victory; it strengthens his belief not only in the worthwhileness of what he is doing but also in the worthwhileness of life itself. Faith, in its largest aspect, reveals man as the son of God, entitled to share richly both in the life here on earth and in the life to come.

I SAW A MOST remarkable example of faith in the bringing into being of atomic power. First there were the scientists who toiled night and day to convert their theories into laboratory demonstration. There were the government administrators, who caught the scientists' spirit and committed a significant share of the nation's strength to the enterprise. Finally there were the Army and industry and labor who, having faith in technical advisers, undertook the heroic task of producing atomic weapons with processes that could not really be tested until the final weapons were made. The result was the sudden stopping of a tragic war. Here was proof that we make faith real when we direct it toward specific goals.

Today, as we face the great task of establishing a world of peace, we should define some of our specific goals. First, we should have faith in the ultimate triumph of order and justice. Then we can fearlessly seek the truth in everything. That is the sound scientific attitude, for in seeking the truth we find the courage to apply the truth.

I had the good fortune to learn this principle from one of the truest scientists I have ever known, Prof. Henry A. Erikson of the University of Minnesota. For a long time I had worked to prove a certain theory: the university had even built special X-ray equipment to carry out my experiment. All worked out beautifully except for one thing—it didn't affirm the theory.

I was perplexed and discouraged. Yet not even to Dr. Erikson did I convey my chagrin. Then one day he asked me how the experiment was getting on. I admitted failure. He gave me a friendly pat on the shoulder and remarked:

"Well, Arthur, the way things are is always tremendously more exciting than the way we thought they were!"

That experiment took place 30 years ago. The special equipment was junked, even the theory I had tried to prove was later abandoned as false. But it was all of immense value to me, because that genial scientist's informal remark lies at the very heart of human progress. When one fearlessly seeks the facts,

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Dr. Arthur H. Compton, chancellor of Washington University in St. Louis, is one of the world's foremost physicists and a winner of the Nobel Prize for his cosmic ray discoveries. He was Distinguished Service Professor of Physics at the University of Chicago for many years and played an outstanding part in the development of the atomic bomb. Well known also in the field of religion, Dr. Compton is co-chairman of the National Conference of Christians and Jews. This article reflects his firm conviction that science and religion must work hand in hand for the salvation of mankind.

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he has attained freedom of mind. If this freedom of mind can be spread throughout the world, we will have passed one of the major hurdles in the movement for international cooperation and unity.

We must have faith, too, in education. While knowledge itself is not a sufficient incentive to morals, it does show the way to progress. In a world of rapid technological development we cannot survive half-educated and half-ignorant, any more than in Lincoln's day a nation could exist half-slave and half-free. Hence we must have ever-increasing training and education at all levels of society.

Likewise there must be more training for leadership, because we have been forced by our recent victory into a place of world prominence. In this leadership, the individual must seek the common good rather than his own aggrandizement. Success must be registered in terms of service rather than of profit. With such an underlying philosophy, he will contribute to a strong, altruistic and enduring society.

SCIENCE JOINS with religious faith in proclaiming human freedom. Alike, the exponents of science and religion hold that no man should be enslaved by the State or be made the pawn of a tyrant. Both realize that freedom is not automatic. It must be cherished and protected, fostered and developed. Courage to maintain freedom is just as necessary as freedom itself to bring about world peace.

Now what is freedom? Is it merely liberty to do as we please? No, for one can have all that and still be enslaved. True freedom, which is release from fear, from poverty of body, mind and spirit, from superstition, from shackles of any sort, is realized only in the dedication of one's self to shaping a better world. In this process we lose our isolationism and become a harmonious part of an advancing, self-governing, free society which gives to its members the fullest opportunity for the development of talents and the attainment of objectives.

It is delusion to think that opportunity merely to drift is freedom. Let me illustrate this point by our search for the cosmic ray. We send up into the sky so-called "free" balloons, with instruments attached to take "readings." We do not know where they will land because they are at the caprice of the winds. They are not free at all, only slaves of circumstance. But a balloon equipped with engines and propellers and guided by a pilot is master of its course, and overcomes opposing winds in reaching its destination. Now it exemplifies the meaning of true freedom.

We need to maintain our faith in democracy, not only as a workable plan of society but also as the means of attaining world unity. Because the people at large participate, democracy is a venture of faith in the ability of people to guide their own destinies. This faith is justified when the people consider carefully where they are going, the problems which they face, and seek a way of working together toward common goals.

We come now to the most important faith of all—faith in God. A vital faith in God and His love for man means that we keep alive and flourishing our ideals, our trust

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in the benevolence of the universe, our belief in the essential goodness of man. We know these objectives lie in the spiritual realm, but science acknowledges its gratitude to them because they afford the integrity on which science is based and without which it could not exist. Faith in God ennobles life and its processes, and thereby dignifies science as an exalted endeavor.

Science is forcing man to become human. The development of the atomic bomb is the most recent step in the steady progression. The world is growing smaller as communication and transportation problems are solved and people are compelled to live together. In a thickly-settled neighborhood, people must be cooperative to be at peace. Likewise, neighborliness must develop in a world that is swiftly becoming one community.

As science helps man to become human, so religion helps him to become divine. That is exemplified in the way in which the Christian and Jewish faiths have established the era of the welfare of man. Hospitals and orphanages, universities and colleges, have been founded the world over. More than that, when Christ urged men to seek the truth and told them that it would make them free, He gave to the world the real scientific incentive. One who studies the teachings of the Nazarene knows how well He stressed world-mindedness, universal brotherhood, freedom of research and charity to all. He made real the conception of man as the image of God, and gave to all who would follow Him the promise of happiness and peace.

THESE ARE stormy days. The whirlwind the world has recently reaped will not subside in a moment. Yet we can, with faith, look confidently ahead to better times. We must realize, however, that a perfect world order cannot be established overnight. The first airplane which the Wright brothers flew at Kitty Hawk was a rickety and frail contraption. Yet it contained the promise of sturdy giants of the air flying 500 miles an hour or more, annihilating space and making many nations into one world.

We are now in the process of launching anew a hitherto faulty and hazardous world order. But this order will come, it will function, it will endure, for I have too much faith in humanity to believe that it will deliberately dig its own grave. Yet we can immeasurably hasten the coming of world order, its development and finally its effective operation if we courageously maintain our faith. Faith in the triumph of the truth, faith in science and education, faith in freedom and democracy, faith in ourselves and our fellowman, faith in human progress—and finally a rich and rewarding faith in God.

There is no limit to the good a man can do if he doesn't care who gets the credit for it. —*Stats*

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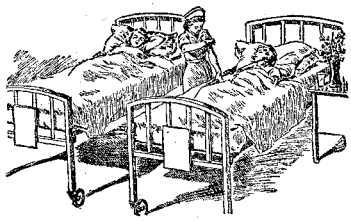
How Good Are Your HOSPITAL MANNERS?



by ZULMA STEELE

ALMOST AS CERTAIN as death and taxes are the chances that at some crisis of your life you will cross the threshold of a hospital. You may enter stretcher-wise via the emergency door, or you may walk beside the stretcher of a close friend or relative who clings to your hand in mute appeal.

But whether propelled by an illness of your own or a neighbor's new baby, you will be engulfed at once by the strange aura of antiseptics, high jackknifing beds and white-clad doctors and nurses that symbolize the modern hospital. Once inside, either as patient or visitor, you can make your stay more pleasant by observing some common-sense rules.

Keep in mind, first off, that the hospital is not a hotel run for you and your friends. If you are the patient, adapt yourself to the regulations necessary to any smooth-running association of human beings. It's silly to demand meals, baths or bed-making at hours to suit yourself. And why balk at early risings or early suppers? You'll save time and tempers by conforming—as well as prejudice the busy staff in *your* favor.

When visiting a patient, fit your time to hospital routine. Unless your friend is in a private room, it's better to keep away during the busy morning hours. Don't attempt to sneak in the service entrance or linger after the prescribed hour—you'll only tire the patient and exasperate the nurses. Above all, don't phone unnecessarily to inquire about the patient's condition. You will hear nothing more than the usual bromide, "Fairly comfortable today," since important medical information cannot be broadcast over the phone.

The patient who wants to get the most good out of his stay in the hospital will accept the authority of his doctors. Your fate is in their hands, so cooperate with them. Women should never refuse a routine physical examination by the strange young intern. Tell him "all"—and frankly. It's shortsighted to be coy about your age, which may be medically significant. And if you are in pain, try to give accurate details of severity and fre-

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quency. The hospital is no place to play either hero or martyr.

If blood tests and X rays are ordered, accept them, even though they duplicate those made elsewhere. Such tests date quickly. School yourself to trust your doctor and his helpers, for your helpful spirit will speed the cure. Later, if consultation with a specialist seems advisable, feel free to speak frankly. Your doctor may have hesitated to suggest outside advice because of financial or other reasons. A good physician is always grateful for help from his colleagues.

As a friend of the patient, however, go slow in making suggestions or criticisms of the doctor. Don't plague him with unnecessary questions, or insist upon some obscure remedy that brought Aunt Laura back from the grave. If you are next of kin, be sure that you are available to the staff when you are needed (as in signing the operation permit for one incapacitated or under age), but don't clog the slow process of healing with irrelevant suggestions.

NEXT IN AUTHORITY to doctors come the nurses. Some are the rare "born nurses," others are the pale and paler copies of Florence Nightingale. Whether or not you are blessed with a private nurse, there's no point in acting helplessly if you are able to wash and dress and feed yourself. You can't expect personal-maid service without a private nurse—and even then there are limits to what can be asked of an attendant professionally trained to minister to the sick.

Try not to ring for help unnecessarily. When you do buzz for the nurse, voice all your needs at once. By calling her every few minutes to pick up a pencil, find a book, open the window, shut the window, you tire her out and deprive yourself of efficient service.

Serious complaints about nurses should be saved for the head nurse or doctor. Snide remarks about lazy nurses will only gain you the title of complainer and—since nurses are human after all—slower service. Praise lavishly when you can: it will make you a popular guest, in the hospital as elsewhere.

The visitor can help with such simple tasks as turning the patient's pillow instead of ringing for the nurse. If the patient you are visiting has a private bath, however, don't appropriate it as your own—the staff cannot legitimately be expected to clean up after visitors as well as patients. Nurses appreciate, too, the thoughtful visitor who leaves before the patient becomes tired and irritable.

Rugged individualists often have trouble adapting themselves to hospital life where doctors' orders regulate every move. But the patient will be the first to regret it if someone smuggles in forbidden dainties. And it's better for the visitor to stay away at mealtimes—the patient's diet is often part of the treatment, and he is more likely to lick the platter clean quickly without distractions.

It's only human for a sick person to feel that the hospital revolves around him—but remember there are other patients about, some sicker than yourself. If you have a bedside phone, speak softly and limit your conversation. Be sure your radio is turned low, and consider the

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tastes of those within earshot. When you are allowed up in a wheelchair to roam the floor, don't gossip with other patients—morbid rumors can do appalling damage in the sick world.

Unless protected by a "No Visitors" sign, the patient usually has little control over those who come to call. But it is quite in order, as chattering voices rise, to ask for quiet. And at Lights Out, visitors should leave promptly out of consideration for other patients. A hospital room is no place to hold a cocktail party.

The knowing visitor never barges in with a callous, "Oh, were you asleep?" If in doubt, ask the nurse whether the patient wants to see you. And be careful not to jar the bed! Take a seat where the patient can conveniently see you, close enough so that he won't have to strain his voice to carry on a conversation with you.

"How are you?" is an opening gambit best avoided in the hospital. Resist the temptation to compare notes on "My Operation." Listen sympathetically if the patient wants to tell you how he feels, but don't ask questions which can be answered more properly by the medical staff than by the patient.

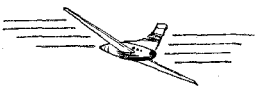
A sick person is often as emotional as a child. So guard against odious comparisons such as "Aunt Sarah had just your trouble—but then, of course, she died . . ." In talking with a chronic patient, neurotically inclined, sympathy is dangerous medicine, to be administered in small doses. But you will only lose a friend if you lean too far the other way with a hearty, "Ha! Ha! Who said *you* were sick! You look better than I feel right now —"

Depending upon the length of their hospital stay, most patients are deluged with gifts, from petunias to goldfish. Even though your own floral display may be spectacular, resist that impulse to call in the nurse at ten-minute intervals to re-arrange the blooms. If you lack a special nurse, the floor nurse will bless you if you tactfully suggest to friends that flowers be delivered before 7 p.m. After that hour, alone on the floor, the night nurse has few spare moments to waste in tending to flower arrangements.

Since flowers are the traditional concomitants of births and operations, a word to visitors: if the patient is very ill, wait a week or so with your offering until the room empties of the first flurry of sympathetic blooms. Even then, small frequent bouquets are more welcome than large displays that wilt quickly. For a chronic patient, a table-top garden or a growing bulb may be an inspiration.

Presents that strengthen ties with a normal life are sometimes even more appreciated than flowers. If you know the patient's hobbies, try

See the universe from a space ship as you fly



By Rocket to Mars in 18 Days

Don't miss the startling full-color paintings of Chesley Bonestell, artist and astronomer, next month in Coronet

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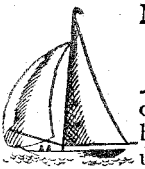
to get his mind off his illness with such gifts as stamps for the collector, scrapbook material, yarn for the knitter, seed catalogues for the gardener. Snapshots of what goes on at home may take a load of worry from the mind of a sick mother. Some invalids have lifted their horizons by browsing through mail-order catalogues or travel folders.

One detail often neglected by patient and visitor alike is the importance of appearance in dispelling hospital gloom.

The patient can help himself by trying never to *look* sick, no matter how sorry he may feel for himself. The masculine patient who keeps shaved and brushed builds up his own self-respect and cheers those about him. Women seldom need to be reminded of keeping up appearances, but some feminine patients skin back their hair and tuck away their make-up with a resigned abandon-hope-all-ye-who-enter-here air. Such a woeful attitude is silly. Now more than ever you need the red courage of lipstick on your smiling mouth.

Even the visitor should try to appear fresh, scrubbed and attractive when he calls, for this is as important to the patient as a sympathetic manner and bouquets of roses. Confidence can be contagious, so carry your blessed air of normalcy into the hospital room. Then perhaps your friend can soon escape from hospital travail, to thumb his or her nose, with you, at hospital hints like these.

Marital Maze



As THE culminating extravagance of a wonderful honeymoon, the young husband rented a sailboat for an all-day cruise on the bay. While he put a firm hand on the tiller, he put his wife to tending the sheet. Everything went well until a sudden puff of wind appeared.

"Let go the sheet!" he ordered brusquely. But his wife held tight and stared straight ahead. "Let go that sheet!" he shouted again, although by that time it was too late.

"Why didn't you let go the sheet when I told you to, dear?" he asked as they clung to the upturned bottom of the boat.

"I would have if you hadn't shouted so," she sobbed. "You ought to speak more kindly to your wife." —C. L. STAUP

A NEWLYWED filling out his income tax return listed a deduction for his wife. In the section marked "Exemption claimed for children" he penciled the notation, "Watch this space!" —*Hollywood Reporter*

"I PRESCRIBE absolute quiet for your husband," said the doctor. "Here's a sleeping powder." "When do I give it to him?" asked the wife.

"You don't give it to him," replied the doctor. "You take it yourself." —*Great Northern Goat*

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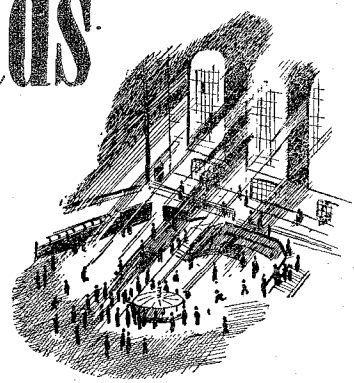
New York's Grand Central Terminal is the background for life's comedy and drama

Crossroads of the World

by MARGUERITE TAZELAAR



AS A BACKGROUND for human drama, Grand Central Terminal in New York City makes movie plots look pallid. Taken for granted by the 800,000 people who daily mill through its vast, sunlit concourse, this unique edifice broods over tragedy and comedy with a secrecy seldom penetrated.

People are born in the terminal and die in it. Couples may be married at the end of one of its subterranean passages. Within its walls a rogues gallery directs its own police toward the fleeing criminal trying to lose himself in the crowd at a train gate. A lost child is returned to frantic parents; a serviceman is united with his missing wife through the Travelers Aid, whose lamp has been burning on the upper level since the terminal opened.

Recently a beautiful girl came to the Travelers Aid desk and murmured through white lips: "Can you help me? I don't know who I am." They whisked her upstairs where, after questioning, an attendant said she was suffering from amnesia. A card in her purse identified a friend, who called and took the patient to a hospital.

On the less serious side is the telegram received one day by terminal officials from a village in New England: "Stop Auntie. She is 61 years old and has tried to elope 31 times."

Promptly, red caps were stationed at all gates for incoming New England trains. Eventually an elderly and slightly bewildered lady, clutching an old-fashioned portmanteau, appeared. She proved to be Auntie, whose persistent lonely-heart correspondence always included her niece's photograph. When youthful swains met her at the station, she was literally left at the gate.

Grand Central is truly a crossroads of the world. Legend says that if a person were to wait in the concourse long enough, he would be sure to meet someone he knew, whether the friend hailed from Alaska, Tibet or Montana. The great concourse, measuring 120 by 272 feet, has been designed for the convenience of passengers, 65,000,000 of whom passed through its 46

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train gates last year. In addition, three times this number of people scurry through the concourse for purposes other than catching trains.

Corridors lined with window displays lead out of the concourse. Wares include countless items—from tobacco and candy to haberdashery and fruits. In these airy thoroughfares, bootblacks, barbers, theater-ticket agents and druggists ply their trades. Subterranean passages lead directly to the Commodore, Biltmore and Roosevelt hotels, so that on a rainy day an incoming guest needs no umbrella.

Of the terminal's 17 restaurants, the most famous is the Oyster Bar, located on the lower level. It has been dispensing oyster stews and other delectable dishes for 33 years. Most famous drinking bar is in the Commodore. The 165-foot counter is a favorite with commuters, who know that the big clock over the bar is always kept two minutes fast to allow time for one more "quick one."

IF THE SHADE of Cornelius Vanderbilt, better known as the Commodore, does not sift down through the late afternoon sunbeams over the concourse, it is not his fault. Vigorous and lusty, he would rejoice in seeing his dream of 1869 come true. In that year Vanderbilt had consolidated the New York Central with his Hudson River railroad. He also owned the New York & Harlem over which the New Haven entered New York City. None of these roads had terminals worthy of the metropolis, so Vanderbilt decided to do something about it.

The new depot, he said, should be in keeping with Manhattan's 1,500,000 population. But shortsighted city fathers argued that his choice of site, 42nd at Park Avenue, was too far uptown. They also asserted that the lease of so much land was ridiculous. Yet today 48 acres, or 34 miles of busy tracks and switches, extend underground from the terminal far up Park Avenue.

Vanderbilt, sticking to his guns, hired Isaac C. Buckout to design the new depot. It was opened October 7, 1871, the huge train shed covering the largest enclosed area in America. Even more impressive was the fact that no locomotive smoke penetrated the shed. By speeding up in the train yard and then uncoupling the engine and switching it to another track, the train made a smoke-free entrance, steered into the terminal by a triumphant brakeman.

Opposite the depot on 42nd Street stood Grand Union Hotel, rendezvous of solid citizens from all parts of the country. On the site of the present public library at Fifth Avenue and 42nd Street was the old Croton Reservoir, then considered far uptown. But before long, the wondrous train shed, boasting a stationmaster's office overlooking train traffic, became outmoded. In 1898 the three waiting rooms were consolidated and enlarged. Then, in 1902, it was decided that a new station, suitable for the shining 20th century, should be built.

After 10 years of ingenious construction work, the fabulous new terminal was opened at midnight on February 2, 1913, when it officially became Grand Central Terminal. Unfortunately Commodore Vanderbilt was not present, for the

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All the Comforts of Home

DURING THE war, Grand Central played host to countless servicemen and women. More than 2,000,000 troops traveled over the railroads of America each month. Many passed through the station en route overseas and returned later on their way home. These uniformed wayfarers often arrived lonely and weary, sometimes with an hour's wait for a train, sometimes 24.

The USO and Travelers Aid came to the rescue. A 'round-the-clock lounge was opened on the balcony above the concourse, where games were provided or where the tired soldier or sailor could curl up with a book, magazine or newspaper. A muted radio offered programs, and a canteen served coffee and sandwiches.

In March, 1944, the Travelers Aid opened its famous sleep-deck above the concourse. Here men could stretch out in deck chairs and sleep, untroubled by the fact that they had a train to catch. Attendants pinned the time of departure onto their chairs and the men were called in time to have a hot snack before leaving.

colorful pioneer had died in 1877 at the age of 83. But the opening of the massive and distinguished terminal justified the Commodore's magnificent imagination.

Today, 66 tracks adjoin the concourse (compared to the original 15) and 550 trains enter and leave daily. Commuters total 139,000 a day, while 55,000 through passengers arrive and depart. On the upper level, 41 tracks bring in such famous trains as the 20th Century and Commodore Vanderbilt from Chicago, the Yankee Clipper and Merchants Limited from Boston.

FOR THE MASS of non-travelers who scurry across the concourse's upper and lower levels, the terminal provides an unending panorama of human interest. At lunch time an army of bobby-sox workers from adjoining buildings march in for a cheap quick lunch and then a promenade through the colorful shopping corridors. For the more serious lunch-time dawdler there is the Grand Central Art Gallery, where year 'round the work of celebrated artists is exhibited free. Grand Central even has a newsreel theater in the concourse, where an hour of current events and short features whiles away the time for a traveler waiting to depart.

Eye-catching for all visitors is the concourse's vast ceiling mural, 125 feet above the terrazzo floor. The mural, one and a half times the size of a football field, is America's largest. Oddly enough, this huge astronomical painting is reversed, and occasionally a visitor marvels at the fact in a loud voice. Executives patiently explain that it was done to get as much of the zodiac as possible on a limited oblong space, and at the same time preserve the illusion that the vaulted sky is a dome.

Last summer the blue-and-gold

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mural was repainted yard by yard for the first time. Charles Gulbrandsen, one of the original artists, supervised the work. Today the 2,500 stars shine from the blue dome with their original radiance, each lucite bulb having a brilliance corresponding to the magnitude of the star it represents.

The practical facilities offered by Grand Central are many. Parcel rooms handle 227,000 items a month, baggage rooms check 150,000 pieces of luggage. Then there is the Lost and Found Department, a hive of activity whose records shows that 97 per cent of lost articles are returned to their owners. Recently a woman left a $2,400 ring on a train wash-basin. A sailor left a caged squirrel on a hat rack. The department, after careful search, has returned articles to owners in such distant spots as China and Sweden.

The red caps at Grand Central function like trained soldiers. Headed by dignified James Williams, who has been chief for 43 years, the corps numbers 285 porters, who handle more than 200,000 pieces of luggage a month. Every morning before the 20th Century or Commodore Vanderbilt arrives, 30 to 50 porters line up inside the gate for inspection by the exacting Williams. Just before the train pulls in, the red caps run down the platform. Time was when Williams scurried along with them, but now he meets only top celebrities, and these must be very old friends who hail him as "Jim."

Another terminal veteran is Jacob Bachtold, Swiss expert who has been tending its 1,000 clocks for more than 40 years. His most important job is to keep the chief dispatcher's clock absolutely accurate. The terminal's biggest clock decorates the outdoor facade over 42nd Street at Park Avenue, and twice a week Bachtold goes up to oil the massive hands that keep time for all New York.

Officially speaking, perhaps the terminal's most important figure is the veteran station master, Edward J. Connors, who from his modest office on the upper level sees that the wheels of his vast world are always rolling smoothly. Host to both railroad men and the public, he and his staff of 10 office workers, 42 gatemen and 62 information clerks, plus many maids and porters, extend courteous hospitality to the public.

THE TWO MOST VITAL services rendered by the terminal involve policing and medical care. Of its police force of about 40, the uniformed men direct taxi traffic and prevent disturbances, while plain-clothes men roam about the concourse, on the lookout for shady characters. In the police room there is a rogues gallery and a file of wanted persons. When suspects are spotted they are picked up quietly and turned over to municipal authorities.

Occasionally Grand Central's police have to cope with fans who swarm over the concourse to welcome a celebrity. If the object of such hysterical adoration wishes to avoid trouble, he or she may be whisked up a freight elevator from the train platform and put into a waiting car. The same privilege is accorded the President of the United States and other important statesmen. But ironically enough it

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is also accorded to criminals, for every morning at 9:20 a quota of prisoners, handcuffed to policemen, ride down the elevator to board a train for Sing Sing.

On the score of medical care, the terminal has one of the best first-aid stations in the country. A doctor and nurse are always on duty and any emergency is handled with dispatch. For persons who become ill on a train, a stretcher is waiting. If the case is serious, the doctor stands by while an ambulance is rushed from a city hospital.

Still another famous terminal service is the Information Bureau, one of the busiest in the world. Murray Hill 6-9100 gets more than 2,000 phone calls an hour, requiring the services of 41 operators. As for the information man himself, he spends three years mastering his vocation. He learns he must deal not only with routine travel questions but freakish ones as well.

"What is the highest peak in the Adirondacks?"

"Have you seen my wife?"

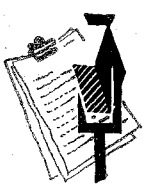
"Can I take my dog on the sleeper?"

"What's become of the old Eden Musee waxworks?"

"Is Niagara Falls the best place for a honeymoon?"

They do their best to serve the public, as do all the terminal's many employees. They know that today, as for years past, they are the inspiration for the words engraved in stone over Grand Central's main entrance:

"To those who with head, heart and hand toiled in the construction of this monument to the public service, this is inscribed."



'Mike' Manners

BASIL RATHBONE always has each page of his script backed with heavy cardboard to avoid danger of turning two pages at a time. Both he and Nigel Bruce (*The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes*) mark their scripts: NH at the bottom means "no hurry in turning page"; OQ means "turn it over quickly"; VQ means "turn it over very very quickly, you've got the top line." Rathbone props his script on a music stand which he has used ever since he started the Sherlock Holmes series.

Jimmy Scribner (*The Johnson Family*) does all the voices on the show, so Jimmy can't take his eyes off the script long enough to get time cues from the producer; therefore a system of lights is rigged up on the music stand on which he props his script. A red light means "stretch it"; a green one means "speed up"; an amber light means "you're on the nose."

Orson Welles smokes long black cigars chain style, and drinks one cup of coffee after another as he runs through his script. A prop man stands by, on call for more coffee when the pot runs dry. Welles also has a habit of straightening paper clips throughout rehearsals, and leaves the table cluttered with bits of wire. —GRACE FISCHLER

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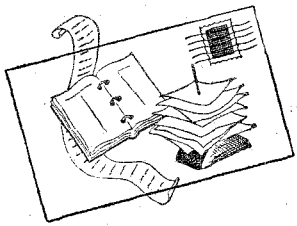
Mail-Me-Monday, a unique enterprise, relieves small business of a major tribulation



Bookkeeping by Mail: a Million-Dollar Idea

by BETTY EMBLEN

EVERY NOW AND then there appears on the American scene some new catch-phrase business so simple and yet so ingenious that business-minded people say with a sigh: "Now why didn't I think of that?"

Such a phenomenon is Mail-Me-Monday, a California idea hatched by the Post-War Investment Company of San Diego, behind which organization lies a history as colorful as its product's name. One reason why nobody else thought of it is because, paradoxically, the actuality of Mail-Me-Monday is quite prosaic. One reason why its progenitors envisage it as a million-dollar idea is that they believe one day it will become vital to American enterprises everywhere.

Actually, Mail-Me-Monday is a scheme to keep the books of small business by mail. It is designed to relieve the small businessman, druggist, dentist, service station, novelty store—anyone who cannot afford a full-time bookkeeper—of the woes of handling figures and calculating taxes.

Take the man down on the corner who sells groceries. For him, selling is a joy. He enjoys chatting with neighborhood housewives, gets esthetic pleasure from arranging vegetables in neat displays. But he hates figures. Like most Americans, he didn't do well with mathematics in school, and he and numbers have never mixed since.

But since half of storekeeping is bookkeeping, and he makes only $1,200 a year after paying his clerk, he keeps books in his spare time. He goes quietly crazy at the end of each month when bills are due, and volubly crazy at the end of the year when tax forms arrive. Big business can hire professional accountants to do the worrying. But the grocer has to sweat it out.

How many grocers are there in your neighborhood? And how many dentists, druggists, barbers and other businessmen who gross less than $50,000 a year? Multiply them by all the neighborhoods in America and you begin to see why Mail-Me-Monday is a million-dollar idea.

The system works this way: the grocer, instead of wrestling with abhorrent figures, stuffs all his invoices, bills, cash-register tapes and miscellaneous financial records into a large stamped envelope and drops the packet—and his worries—into the mailbox each Monday. Mail-Me-Monday does the rest, from figuring bills, balances and wages to social security, employee income-tax deductions, excise tax, sales tax and even personal income taxes.

The ledgers of each business are written in duplicate, one copy being

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kept in the company's fireproof vault, the other sent once a month to the grocer as a file reference. At the end of the fiscal year MMM's bookkeepers and tax experts go through each customer's accounts, calculate his business taxes, plus his income tax. They fill out forms and mail them to the grocer. At tax time, he merely makes out a check.

Especially interesting to the grocer is the fact that this service costs only $15 a month if his business is under $50,000 a year, and five dollars a month for each additional $25,000. Mail-Me-Monday has found that six expert accountants, working on a mass-production basis, can keep the books of 600 businesses each month. Already, it is doing the bookkeeping for firms 200 miles away.

BEHIND THE POST-WAR investment Company and Mail-Me-Monday stands an organization unique in business, with the exception of a few farm organizations. It is the brain-child of Charles L. Silverman, one-time Massachusetts motor transport man, and fifteen other middle-aged small businessmen who found themselves working at Consolidated-Vultee Aircraft Corporation during the war. These men had one thing in common besides the war to think about: how would they make themselves and their families secure in the post-war world?

Silverman is a burly, gray-haired man of 49. When the war broke out he went to work at Consolidated as a machinist with a strong belief in unions of men in everything—business, war and work. As an active member of Consolidated's branch of the AFL, Silverman preached his ideas day and night.

"I know I sounded crazy," says Silverman, "but I believed in unions and I believed in small businessmen. Both have done a lot for this country. I couldn't see anything wrong in putting them together."

Small businessmen are pretty ignorant about unions, Silverman thinks. They read newspaper stories about what unions can do *to* small business, but don't realize that unions can work equally well *for* small business.

"I tried to explain it this way," Silverman recalls. "Individually we were just a lot of guys with ideas, but no money to speak of. Yet if we pooled our money, we might have enough to develop any number of ideas."

As soon as he had four men who would listen to his theories, Silverman rented the union hall. Then he asked thirty other Consolidated employees to attend a meeting. Sixteen showed up, decided Silverman made sense, and thus the Post-War Investment Company was hatched.

Because they were workers, the total capital of the venture was only $3,000. And because they had a job to do, it was necessary that the sum be invested where it could work for itself until the war's end. In crowded San Diego, the company bought an apartment house. Refurnished, the building was quickly rented, and profits were invested in three more apartment houses.

Today this real estate alone is worth $100,000, and the 16 men, through constant reinvestment of earnings, have been able to buy up every share of their $50,000 stock in

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the Company. By July of last year, when international events warned them they would soon be released to civilian business, they figured their net worth to be more than $130,000.

At about this time, Silverman's theories of cooperation paid off again, through the medium of J. W. Hession. Hession was a former broker, bank examiner and securities expert. When the investment business took a dive in 1941, he wound up in Consolidated's stockroom as a tool-crib attendant, working with Elias Berwin, secretary-treasurer of the Post-War group, and Silverman. One day Hession confided his dream of setting up a mass-production system of bookkeeping to service small business at nominal cost.

"That's all there was to it," Silverman says. "We had the cash, he had the idea."

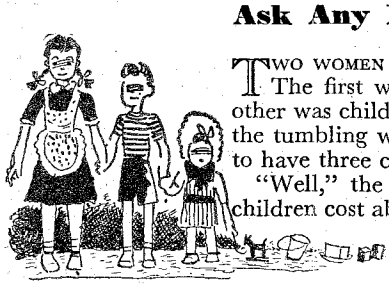
Hession came into the company and the group fell heir to Mail-Me-Monday. With the war's end, they were ready for the post-war world. A new corporation, subsidiary to the Post-War Company, was formed and the original firm recapitalized at $150,000. Stock was opened to employees, now totaling 25.

New offices, complete with a huge fireproof vault and up-to-date business machinery, were opened away from downtown in one of the firm's own buildings. There are also special work rooms for government tax examiners within easy access to the books of scattered small businesses.

Before long, Silverman predicts, Mail-Me-Monday will be a national byword. Just now, there is no way in which such centralized bookkeeping can supersede the Treasury law that business books must be kept at all times within certain legal districts for tax check-ups. But with release of microfilm to the civilian market, Mail-Me-Monday will be able to service any point in the U. S. from central offices, by photographing the original records and keeping books from the photos.

Today, Silverman leans back in his chair and smiles comfortably while regarding his "crazy idea" which has grown to forty times its original size in just two years. Not only has it become a highly profitable venture but it has proved to him, and to a lot of other small businessmen, that in union lies an ever-expanding strength.

Ask Any Mother



TWO WOMEN sat one day on a windswept ocean pier. The first woman had three beautiful children, the other was childless. The latter, gazing wistfully out over the tumbling water, said, "I'd give ten years of my life to have three children like yours!"

"Well," the other woman answered gravely, "three children cost about that."

—TOM MASSON, *Best Stories in the World* (Doubleday)

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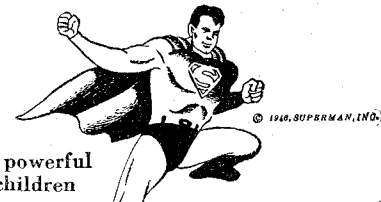

A fabulous cartoon character exerts a powerful influence over millions of America's children

Here Comes Superman!

by **MORT WEISINGER**

SUPERMAN, that flashing figure in red and blue, has been known to smack his way bare-handed through the Siegfried Line, balance the Empire State Building on one palm, girdle the globe in nothing flat. But the toughest assignment in his fabulous cartoon career occurred last year in real life, when he was given the job of persuading a million youngsters to visit the dentist.

It started when a group of dental hygienists, intent upon making America's teen-agers tooth-conscious, began hunting a modern Pied Piper for the dentist's chair. Promptly they decided upon Superman, the mighty Man of Steel. Then followed a session with Jerry Siegel and Joe Shuster, creators of the comic-strip hero. Within a few weeks they had plotted and illustrated a special eight-page thriller designed to make youngsters go happily to the nearest dentist.

The thriller began with Superman dropping in on Tommy, a freckle-faced lad who would rather play with model planes than brush his teeth. Tucking the boy under one sinewy arm, Superman streaked off to China skies where Bill, a fighter pilot, had suddenly fallen victim to a throbbing toothache in the midst of a dog-fight. Just as Bill was about to be shot down, up hurtled Superman, to the rescue.

Mission accomplished, Superman brought Tommy home and gave this fatherly advice: "That's all for tonight, Tommy . . . except for this tip. Smart fellows take good care of their teeth and visit the dentist regularly. Remember the jam Bill got into . . ."

Not long after this episode was printed in booklet form and a million copies circulated, the youth brigade began knocking on dentists' doors. Yet this was not Superman's first successful attempt to win friends and influence small fry. He has been doing it ever since he rocketed here from his native planet, Krypton.

Superman is the by-product of the frustrated boyhoods of two undersized Cleveland youths, Jerry Siegel and Joe Shuster. While high-school students, the duo absorbed beatings from neighborhood

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toughs. Both sons of poor parents, they found escape in the wish-fulfillment world of dime-novels, vicariously living the exploits of unbeatable heroes.

When Jerry, who could write a little, discovered that Joe had a talent for drawing, he dreamed up a super-hero whose exploits could be depicted in comic-strips. "The idea came to me in bed one night," recollects Jerry. "A combination Samson, Hercules and Atlas plus the morals of Sir Galahad whose mission in life was to smack down the bullies of the world."

For six years the two youths collaborated on miles of sample Superman adventures, only to garner rejection slips. Then one day in 1938, publisher Harry Donenfeld picked up the first Superman story for $130 and tried it out in a comic-strip magazine called *Action Comics*. It was a hit. Since then, Superman has grossed millions. And the 30-year-old authors—though they sold all rights with the original sale—continue to share in the profits.

Today, Superman is big business. Some 3,000,000 readers buy *Action Comics*, *Superman* and *World's Finest Comics* regularly. Superman appears in all three publications. He is syndicated in more than 200 newspapers with a circulation of about 20,000,000. In South America he is known as *El Hombre Supre;* his trade-mark appears on scores of commercial items. Besides all this there is a Superman radio program, sponsored coast-to-coast by a breakfast cereal.

Naturally, Superman's greatest effect has been on children. Mothers, realizing the power of this third parent, have gotten into the habit of asking Superman to drop a line to Junior, urging him to eat his egg yolk and stop biting his nails. Boys themselves write in, asking how to beat bullies. Superman—through a corps of secretaries in the New York offices of his publishers—advises ten hours' sleep, lots of vegetables, and asserts that all bullies have yellow streaks.

SUPERMAN wages incessant war against injustice, intolerance, bigotry and other down-to-earth villains of modern society. A few years ago the villain happened to be bad grammar, and Superman tackled this menace with the same zeal he used in cracking down on Superbum Luthor, his perennial enemy in the comic strips.

Harold Downes, former English instructor in a Lynn, Massachusetts, high school, made the not-too-surprising discovery that his pupils didn't want to learn grammar. But Downes noticed their pockets were stuffed with comic books, particularly *Superman*. So off he went to Superman, Inc., in New York.

What about preparing a Superman workbook with questions on grammar, punctuation and word-meaning to accompany the comic-strip story? Could he have a hundred copies for experimental purposes? Whitney Ellsworth, editorial director, promptly agreed, and before you could yell "Up, up and away!" Superman was a grammarian.

When Downes tried the workbooks on his classes, homework became easier. Youngsters who had been struggling over grammar for years found themselves answering such questions as, "What punctua-

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tion mark ends Superman's speech?" and "What kind of sentence does Lois Lane use?" A sugar coating had been found for the pill.

When school publications reported this new method of instruction, some 3,000 teachers paged Superman. Since then, several educators have prepared adaptations for use in teaching civics, geography and other subjects.

Not all the workbook fans were teachers, however. Truant officers rejoiced when children stopped squandering lunch money on slot machines. Superman's workbook had shown that the machines were fixed by manufacturers as crafty as the Prankster, another of the Man of Steel's adversaries.

Recognizing Superman as a wartime public relations expert, the War Department drafted him to spur drives to salvage fats, scrap iron and wastepaper. Superman fulfilled these assignments through the "Secret Superman Code," published in every issue of *Superman* and *Action Comics* and available to 1,300,000 youthful members of the Superman of America Club. On one occasion Superman made an eloquent radio appeal, asking boys and girls to buy war stamps. Some 250,000 mailed in pledges.

When Maj. Gen. Walter R. Weaver of the Air Forces Training Command found that thousands of enlisted men were contemptuous of grease-monkey jobs, he appealed to Superman. The next issue of *Superman* on the PX counters proved that the job of keeping 'em flying was just as exciting as the duties of the glamorous pilot with wings.

When the Navy initiated a special training program, designed to convert illiterates into useful personnel, they turned to the visual appeal of Superman's books. A Navy representative worked out a plan whereby the captions and dialogue in each issue were rewritten into words of one or two syllables. Soon 15,000 copies a month were rolling off the presses, with sailors effortlessly expanding their vocabularies.

Throughout the war, hundreds of jeeps, trucks, tanks, landing craft and planes bore the Superman insignia. On D-Day an infantry major, worried about morale, told war correspondents: "When I saw one of the boys in our landing craft nonchalantly reading a copy of *Superman*, I knew everything would be all right."

IN THE YEARS they have been writing and illustrating Superman, Siegel and Shuster have assumed an obligation to instill faith, whenever possible, in the physical reality of Superman. This they have done in the same spirit in which old-fashioned parents encouraged belief in Santa Claus. A similar sense of responsibility to parents and teachers has guided the publishers. As a result they have secured the active assistance of professional men and women in the fields of child psychology, education and welfare.

This editorial advisory board includes Dr. W. W. Sones, professor of education at the University of Pittsburgh; Dr. Robert Thorndyke of the Department of Educational Psychology, Columbia; and Lt. Col. C. Bowie Millican, chief reviewer of publicity for the Army. Correct English, psychologically sound ac-

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tion and moral purity are watched by these experts, who check each Superman story.

Recently Dr. Thorndyke analyzed an average issue of *Superman*. "The magazine contained more than 10,000 words of reading matter. This is an educational resource which introduces the child to a wide range of vocabulary, including many useful words which stand in need of additional practice by children in grades four to eight."

Is Superman a good influence on children? Psychologists have rushed to his defense. Dr. Lauretta Bender of Bellevue's psychiatric staff and Miss Josette Frank of the Child Study Association believe that Superman has a definitely good influence.

"Children can enjoy the thrill of danger," says Miss Frank, "knowing that right will prevail, that good will triumph over evil."

To prove her point, she cites the story of the small boy warning his girl playmate: "Look out! I'm Superman and I'll hurt you."

"You can't frighten me," said his little girl adversary. "Superman never hurts *good* people."

Today, with Superman appearing in three of the 175 comic magazines which reach 30,000,000 buyers, chiefly youngsters, parents should be heartened by the fact that other writers and artists, seeking to duplicate the Superman formula, have taken a tip from Siegel and Shuster, aiming their material at improving children's minds as well as providing entertainment.

Superman has proved that thrills can be combined with education—which is, in a sense, the same technique that Horatio Alger once used to instill into youngsters an appealing concept of the American way of life.

Improving on the Dictionary

Ⓑ **Bore:** A guy who is here today and here tomorrow. —Samuel E. Clarke

Ⓒ **Conscience:** The thing which hurts when everything else feels good. —*The Beacon*

Ⓓ **Death Ray:** The look one woman gives another who is wearing an identical outfit. —*The Wyatt Way*

Ⓕ **Friends:** Persons who stick together till debt do them part. —*Wilcox Antenna*

Ⓗ **Health:** What people are always drinking to before they fall down. —*Four Hundred and Four*

Ⓜ **Middle Age:** That period when a man begins to feel friendly toward insurance agents. —*The Wyatt Way*

Ⓡ **Raconteur:** A person who has a good memory and hopes other people haven't. —*The Burning Question*

Ⓢ **Successful Bridge:** The triumph of mind over chatter. —*Four Hundred and Four*

Ⓣ **Traitor:** Any California doctor advising a change of climate for his patients. —*Wilcox Antenna*

Ⓦ **Willpower:** The ability to eat *one* salted peanut. —*Beacon*

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The Songs of Stephen Foster

The birth of Stephen Foster on July Fourth, 1826, was prophetic, for he devoted his life to America, expressing the spirit of the land and its people in music. With these delightful illustrations by Sheilah Beckett, Coronet joins a grateful nation in celebrating the one hundred and twentieth anniversary of Foster's birth.

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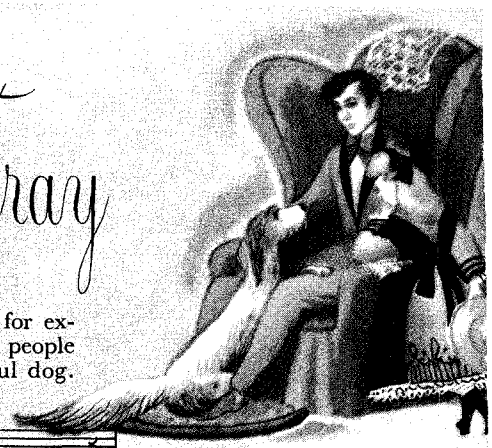
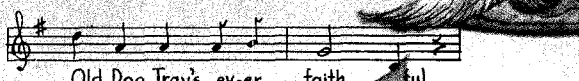
Old Dog Tray



Typical of Stephen Foster's genius for expressing the simple emotions of plain people is this well-loved song for a faithful dog.



FOSTER wrote this song in 1853 for a beautiful setter which belonged to a friend. It became popular almost at once; in a few years, close to 100 thousand copies were sold. No other song dedicated to a dog ever equalled the popularity of *Old Dog Tray.*

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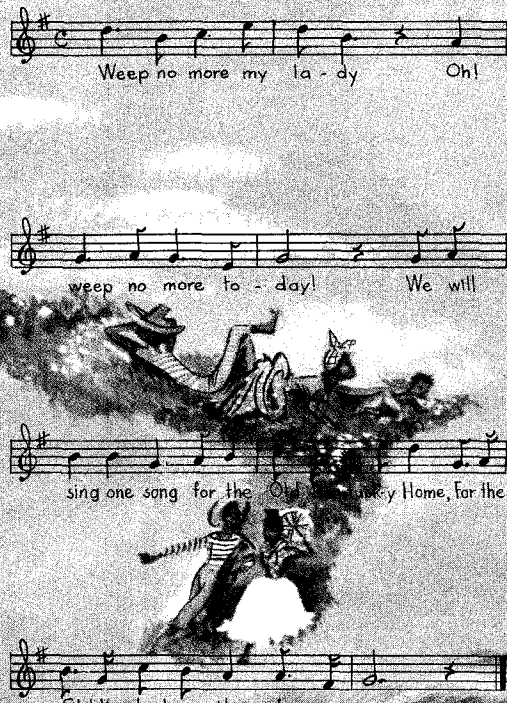
My Old Kentucky Home

Written with a humble slave cabin in mind, this song of longing for home has become dear to the hearts of all men everywhere.



DURING the Civil War both Union and Confederate soldiers sang *My Old Kentucky Home* to ease their homesickness. In 1928 it was made Kentucky's official song, yet though Stephen Foster's name is almost synonymous with Kentucky, he did not write this song there but in his own home near Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

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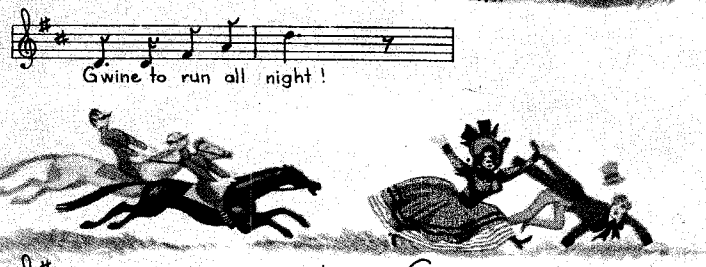
Camptown Races

Out of his love for the carefree humor of the Negro, Foster wrote this gay tune about an imaginary racetrack.

POPULAR, banjo-strumming minstrel troupes, especially the famous one headed by Edwin P. Christy, swept *Camptown Races* to quick fame under the original title of *Gwine to Run All Night*. Though the Camptown racetrack of the song existed only in Foster's mind, the name became widely associated with racing and gambling, and in 1852 the town of Camptown, New Jersey, changed its name to Irvington, in honor of Washington Irving.

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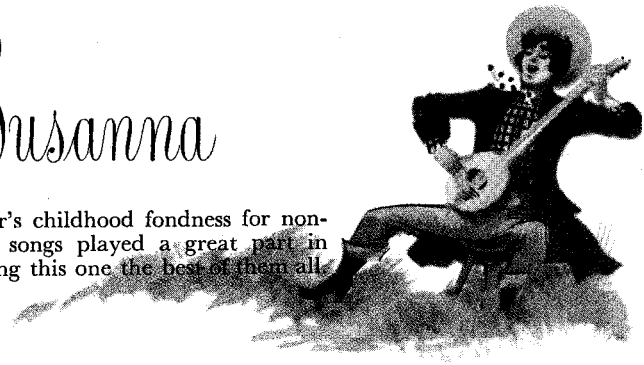
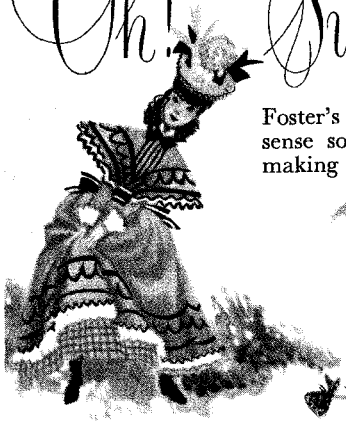
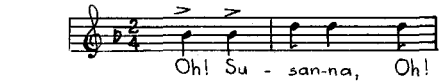
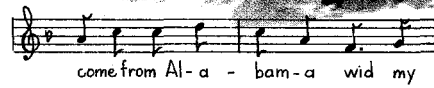
Oh! Susanna

Foster's childhood fondness for nonsense songs played a great part in making this one the best of them all.







ALMOST as American as *Yankee Doodle* is *Oh! Susanna*, heard publicly for the first time in Pittsburgh in 1847. During the California Gold Rush it was the marching song of the Forty-niners, and it was soon sung all over the world—in Africa, Arabia, and China. Even a Hindu minstrel was heard singing it in Delhi, India. Though Foster was well-paid for most of his songs, he received very little for this one.

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Jeanie with the Light Brown Hair

This eloquent song to a lovely lady is one of the most hauntingly beautiful of all the works of Stephen Foster.

I dream of Jea-nie with the light brown hair,
Borne, like a va-por, on the sum-mer air; I

see her trip-ping where the bright streams play,
Hap-py as the dai - sies that dance on her way.

Man-y were the wild notes her mer-ry voice would pour
Man-y were the blithe birds that

FOSTER himself called the heroine of this song *Jennie*, and though the name was changed, this tender ballad is forever dedicated to his wife, Jane (Jennie) McDowell.

war-bled them o'er: I dream of Jea-nie with the light brown hair,
Floating like a va-por on the soft sum-mer air.

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Tens of thousands of migrant workers roll with the seasons to harvest the nation's crops

Across the U.S.A.

by JEAN MUIR

"THE AVERAGE MAN don't want to stay around and watch the same tree all year," said old Mrs. Hendricks authoritatively. "Unless he gets a change he'll grow rank and sour, like grapes too long on the vine."

She rolled her overalls up to her knees and soaked her feet luxuriously in an irrigation ditch which cut through a pear orchard near Medford, Oregon. Weatherbeaten and dry, for 20 years she and Mr. Hendricks have followed the harvests, two of the tens of thousands of Americans who roll with the seasons from the cherry orchards of Washington, down through Oregon's apples and pears, through the rich orange groves of California to the cotton fields of Arizona.

"Real old fruit tramps," said Mrs. Hendricks in a satisfied but husky voice.

Scientists have charted bird migrations with accuracy but the wanderings of Pacific-coast fruit tramps defy analysis. Labor statisticians can tell you that during the September harvest peak hundreds of thousands of agricultural workers are employed in California alone. They comprise amateurs, schoolchildren and seasonal workers from nearby towns; Mexicans, Chinese, Filipinos, Japanese, Hindoos, Negroes, Portuguese and Italians, as well as refugees from Oklahoma and Arkansas.

But the true fruit tramps fit into no single category. They wander because they like it. They may come from any state and any walk in life. They go north in summer, south in winter, hit only the peak crops and choicest orchards, stay for a few days and then sweep on again. They're straight descendants of the bindle stiffs who used to plod the roads with their belongings tied to a stick. Except now they usually have trailers and wives.

Since the war there has been a new affluence among them. Electric-washing machines travel in the old trailers, packed in with mattresses, fiddles and army tents. Now and then a big streamlined trailer roars past a caravan of jalopies. None of the fruit tramps admit to earning less than $8 a day, while the experts speak casually of $20

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among the cherries and the hops.

They turn out on Saturday nights, sunburned and at ease in the harvest towns, the men generally lean, the women plump. Don't let their courteous, slow drawl fool you. They are the most independent people on earth. So much as a hint of a boss in the offing and away they go, driven by the impulse which overnight will start a family off on a thousand-mile tear while fruit only 20 miles away rots for lack of harvesters.

"It's this way," said Jerome Connelly, taking a rest in his car parked beside an orchard. "You just find you're anxious for some special harvest—say, Marysville and Yuba City for peaches, or Brentwood for apricots. Everybody goes to Brentwood in July. If I didn't show up, the gang would say something was wrong. But I always pass up the olives. They're so gosh little they make me feel awkward like a cow. But plenty of people swear by them."

Jerome's crony recalled an old man he once traveled with. "Soon as October come around, he'd begin to mope. No matter how much money he was making, he'd just sit there, pining for the grape harvest like it was his bride."

Last spring a silver-and-black trailer headed out of the Imperial Valley, followed by three other trailers overflowing with babies and household effects. The caravan streaked up the coast with only two short stops in pea patches along the road—lured hell-bent to Oregon by memory of a single Royal Anne cherry tree growing in an orchard near Forest Grove.

"Mom picked eighteen 50-pound boxes off that one tree," a son explained. "Not a big tree either. It was the way the limbs hung over, equal all the way around. Everybody called it her tree and she'd got her heart set on picking it the next year. But next year they'd had a freeze and only got half a crop, so we just stayed four days and left."

TO HEAR THE FRUIT tramps grumble you'd think the whole Pacific Coast crop was going to pot. The peas are always skimpy and the lettuce poor, apples and pears drop if you look at them, oranges all have splits in them, cotton is sunburned and grapes are stinking on the vine.

Nevertheless, fruit tramping has its high spots. There's the moment when you stick your head out of the top of an apple tree into the limitless blue that seems to sweep up to eternity. There's the silence of a peach orchard deepening with the warmth of noon. There's the huge expansiveness of the potato harvest in the Klamath Basin on a crisp morning when it's close to frosting, or in central Oregon where the sun comes out of the Blue Mountains to shine on the snow of Mt. Jefferson. And there's the balmy luxuriance of California—the prim miles of orange trees, silvering oceans of olives, whole continents of vegetables—and all the time, along the highways, the wealth of the earth eternally rolling by on trucks.

When time comes to leave the West Coast, some families take the inland route that leads through Utah and Idaho. Others spin off in wild circles that take them into Michigan or even to Florida. Still others follow only peas or tomatoes.

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"I tried tomatoes once and that was enough," said Mrs. McKee. "The gang of us were settling into an auto court, waiting for the grapes. Every day a man would come over trying to get tomato pickers, but we'd just boo him out. One day this little old fellow who traveled with us said he had a mind to try. I told him I was game too. But at the end of the day all I'd earned was a sore back and $3.84. I never picked tomatoes again. Anyway, with strawberries and tomatoes you don't need feet. Only hands and knees."

The crawling crops, however, are a gold mine to the family man. As one father put it: "A man's most productive years is when his kids are from 10 to 15 years old."

Another man spoke enviously of the old picker who married a widow with four grown children. After that he strutted up and down the rows, cheering on the family till the heat of the day came on him. "What she saw in him, I never could figure out. With four good picking children like that, she might have had her choice."

Living conditions for fruit tramps vary from comfortable to a nightmare of flies and stench. Some camps, like those run by the Oregon State College Extension Service, furnish a tent, stove, fuel, light, water and cots, as well as medical care and a central building with washroom and laundry—for anywhere from $1.50 to $4 a week per family. But such camps are rare.

In California, where transients are a tidal wave, the majority have to shift for themselves. The results range from immaculate trailer camps to squalid squatters' towns. Then there are the skidrows of harvest towns, hangout of the winos, who derive their principal nutriment from cheap California wine, sleep in flop houses or wrapped in paper along docks and in vacant lots. In the morning, growers' trucks pull by the hundreds into the skidrows of Stockton and Sacramento. Occasionally several thousand men may roll out for a day's work.

Among enterprising harvesters, talk of $20 days is not unusual, in spite of a comment made by Square Deal Squeeak: "You hear more about money like that on the park benches than you do in the fields." Nevertheless, last autumn a pair of adagio dancers from the Bronx cleared a thousand dollars in five weeks with the grapes. "It was the rhythm done it—her picking and him shooting the boxes to her."

Perry Murphy, left at the age of 11 with a mother and two young brothers to support on a few acres of dust in Oklahoma, came to California. Now he has a trailer house, a wife, two children and $8,000 in the bank.

And the fat woman of last September's hop harvest again cleaned up a thousand dollars in side bets. She travels alone with a little dog fatter than herself, spreads herself under a tree and looks so indolent that she has no difficulty in getting bets on her picking ability. Those who have seen her in action, however, say she doesn't pick at all—just hangs her basket on a hop vine and claws them in. At the weighing-in, she's invariably top picker for the yard.

Fruit tramps, like debutantes, have their social season. In August

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the harvesters begin pouring by the thousands into the hop centers of Oregon and Washington. With them come the fruit tramps, gathering like gypsies, for five weeks of dancing and fun-making.

As one fruit tramp described it: "With the hops you aren't stuck off in a tree by yourself. You work close together on the ground, so everyone has a chance to get acquainted. There are plenty of old people and married folks with babies parked among the vines, but it's really a young people's harvest."

Independence, Oregon, is the most concentrated hop district in the world. There, a quiet orderly town of some 1,600 law-abiding souls swells with the harvest to a roaring frontier settlement of 13,000, all bent on having a whale of a time. On Saturday nights, the roar can be heard half a mile away.

The boisterous atmosphere, however, is a problem to growers. Their main anxiety is to keep the gang at work until the harvest is in the drying sheds. Close by the hop fields they turn over living quarters to the pickers, provide a dance floor and juke box, and supply free movies in the vain hope of keeping the crew out of town in the evenings.

As swiftly as the pickers arrive they vanish again, for billions of dollars in harvest are awaiting them elsewhere. The war years were lush ones for the veteran fruit tramps, but lately an old uneasiness has crept into their talk. Half a million people came to California last winter—how many to stay nobody knows. In the Northwest are multitudes of ex-war workers and returning servicemen. Sooner or later, fruit tramps say, many of them will hit the old fruit road, until fields are crowded again.

"What I want is to plant some fruit of my own and pick it myself," says Mrs. McKee. "That way you have your own life growing up around you. I guess I'm broke of fruit tramping. But picking rankles in my old man's blood and he'll never rest till we're all piled into the car and off somewhere again. What he wants is harvest, harvest, harvest, around him all the time."

Pulling Together

Coronet Magazine's newly-formed Friendship Club makes it easy for boys and girls to operate their own magazine subscription business *during their spare time*. The youngsters are rewarded with valuable prizes of their own selection. The Friendship Club also encourages *groups* of boys and girls to work together to earn group awards, such as team sweaters, emblems, and sports equipment. By working alone, or as a group, youngsters are uncovering and developing individual talents for organizational work, salesmanship and record-keeping . . . and enjoying many fine prizes. Boys and girls or Club secretaries can obtain complete information by writing to Don Steele, Coronet Friendship Club, Dept. D, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 11, Illinois.

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Our *Human* Comedy

Laughter is the echo of the lighter moments in the drama of life. So here, gathered for your enjoyment, are a few amusing trifles from the everyday world.

A TULSA, OKLAHOMA, oil man, in an expansive mood, decided to spend some money. As he sauntered down the street he spied three ragged youngsters. Shepherding them into a clothing store, he ordered new suits all around.

Beginning with the oldest, the clerk soon had them properly garbed. Then the youngest began to bawl. This upset the benefactor, a bachelor who knew nothing about children. "What's the matter?" he demanded. But there was no response from the crying child.

Turning to the oldest, the oil man asked, "What's his name?"

"Please sir, his name is Alice," was the reply.—JAMES HASTINGS

THE SALESMAN stood on the step and watched the door being closed slowly but firmly.

"Madam," he hurriedly explained, "I am not an insurance agent. I do not want to sell you soap, books or anything of that sort. I do not represent a sewing machine company, nor any firm selling radios, electric sweepers or automobiles. I am not a collector of bills. I do not want details for a directory, nor am I here to solicit funds for the Community Chest."

He paused as the door reopened. "Well, for heaven's sake," the housewife asked, "what could you be here for, then?"

"Ah," he exclaimed, "I see you are interested! Madam, I represent a firm which deals only in photographic enlargements."

—PHILIP BEATON

SIR WILLIAM OSLER, the eminent physician, always sought to impress upon young medical students the importance of observing details. While stressing this point in a lecture before a student group he indicated a bottle on his desk.

"This bottle contains a sample for analysis," he announced. "It's possible by testing it to determine the disease from which the patient suffers." Suiting actions to words, he dipped a finger into the fluid and then into his mouth.

"Now," he continued, "I am going to pass this bottle around. Each of you taste the contents as I did and see if you can diagnose the case."

As the bottle was passed from row to row, each student gingerly

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poked his finger in and bravely sampled the contents. Osler then retrieved the bottle.

"Gentlemen," he said, "now you will understand what I mean when I speak about details. Had you been observant you would have seen that I put my index finger into the bottle . . . but my middle finger into my mouth."

—Randolph MacFarlan

A young Boston attorney, convinced that the age of chiselry was very much alive, had occasion to put his theory to a test. With his family he was about to vacation at his cottage on Cape Cod. But one thought plagued him. So many friends and relatives had visited his shore home in previous summers that his small budget had snapped and rest was impossible. With this in mind he wired thirty people who had been his guests:

"Am strapped for money. Need $500 badly. Please forward same immediately."

In all, he harvested 30 new and sparkling alibis which he read with relish while enjoying his first vacation in years. —Jim Greene

A large organization hired several young college men for part-time work and, because of business pressure, gave each full responsibility for the collection of several bad debts. One of the young men reported an amazing percentage of collections, and they asked for his file copies, in order to use his methods in other areas. His letters read as follows:

"Dear Sir:

If you do not pay your bill immediately, we will take steps that will astonish you." —M. W. Cohn

When Charles Cochran, British showman, first visited America in the '90s, Dodge City, Kansas, was regarded as the toughest place on earth.

A conductor on Cochran's train found two men without tickets. The following dialogue ensued:

"Tickets?"

"Ain't got no tickets."

"Where yer going?"

"Going to hell."

"O. K., a dollar each—and get off at Dodge City."

—*Transatlantic Daily Mail*

While traveling through Maine, we stopped for supplies at a country store. My husband attended to the buying, and I pored over a road map.

Suddenly I realized an elderly man was bent nearly double peering at our New York license plate.

"The first one o' those I've seen through here this spring," he explained. "Great state, New York!"

"Yours is a great state too," I responded.

"Yes, Maine's a great state. Only bad thing about it's the weather. There's three months in the year you can't depend on the sleighin'—June, July and August."

—Nell Van Kirk Morgan

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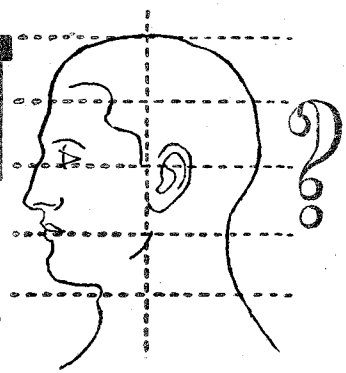
We may lose our wisdom teeth and little toes, but we won't have bullet-proof skin

MAN a Million Years from Now



by DR. WILLIAM HOWELLS

SO FAR, MOST of the predictions about what man will look like a million years from now have appeared in the funny papers. According to one such school of "scientific" thought, the beast in us will continue to recede and the brain to advance, until we have huge bald heads, spindly legs and wormy little bodies. We shall all wear glasses, talk algebra and live on food pills.

But there is another possibility, according to the pulp-paper seers. We might, instead, develop physical perfection and turn out like Superman, with skin-tight clothes, enormous strength, X-ray eyes, a bullet-proof hide and an obviously lowered mentality.

It is not a cheery choice. Yet luckily, we are not really faced with it. Knowing what we do about animal life and natural selection, we needn't worry that our legs and arms and chests are ever going to dwindle away. Whatever happens to him, man will continue to look like a normal animal, rather than a walking brain with a physique good only for pushing buttons.

Likewise, we will certainly not turn into Superman. We might look like him, but we will not suddenly develop bullet-proof skin. Neither will we have X-ray eyes nor muscular strength which would break every bone in our bodies if we exerted it.

But do not think that we shall not change. How long has man existed? Perhaps 6,000,000 years. How long since Homo sapiens appeared? Possibly 500,000 years. He is still just an animal in clothes. And he has eons ahead of him in which to proceed with his evolution, which so far has been rapid. (You may not think it speedy when a jaw shrinks an inch or so in a million years, but in evolution this is a frenzied pace.)

Evolution, however, is apt to go by fits and starts. Man's great emergency was when he came down to the ground and looked his first bear in the eye. He survived it. That is, he developed a ground-going foot, then refined his skeleton to conform to this new gait, thus achieving a major adjustment.

Actually, we cannot tell what

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evolution is doing with us at the present. We cannot predict new features, any more than a dinosaur could have predicted feathers for his descendants, the birds. We can only be sure of changes, and point to the least surprising ones in the light of the past.

Men will likely be taller, because during the last century they have increased the average height by several inches. This is probably not the effect of evolution but of better food and excellent medical care. We shall probably retain these added inches, but we shall not become gigantic, since this would be a terrific strain on our skeletons, especially on our feet.

Because man's brain has increased in size, he takes it for granted it will continue to grow. But we have no assurance of a larger brain, and our present one has already made childbearing extremely difficult by its size.

Other changes may lie in detail and contour. Man's whole skeleton has been straightened up and nicely balanced over the arches of his foot. His neck curves back to hold his head upright, his chest is flattened to keep him from teetering, his pelvis is large and solid to serve as sole support for his torso, and his legs are straightened at the knees. His feet have become firm platforms, while his hands have given him such satisfaction that they will doubtless keep their present shape for a very long time.

Yet, obviously there is some unfinished business here and there. The legs are still weak for a lifetime of walking, for they begin to falter late in middle age. Possibly they will get stronger. Our arches are still too prone to collapse, leaving us with flat feet.

Our worst features, however, are in the lumbar region, where standing upright has forced drastic compromises with efficiency. The region, of course, was evolved for the four-footed animal. In man, however, the lumbar vertebrae not only must bear the weight of the whole upper body, unaided by front legs, but they must also permit this upper part to be erect by bending themselves into the lumbar curve—a semicircle which is a poor design for weight-supporting.

No wonder that the spine here sometimes complains of its burdens, or that the sacroiliac joint becomes painfully dislocated. Therefore the lumbar part of the spine might be expected to continue its process of becoming still shorter and thicker.

WHAT WILL BECOME of our heads and faces is certainly hard to say. The head in general will follow the lead of the brain, whatever that does, but it is pretty certain it will become round in shape all over the world. As to the face, this has

Dr. William Howells is an assistant professor of physical anthropology at the University of Wisconsin and a research associate of the American Museum of Natural History. He received his B.S., A.M. and Ph.D. degrees from Harvard and was on the Harvard faculty for a time. Dr. Howells is a director of the American Association of Indian Affairs and a member of the Society of American Archaeologists, the Anthropological Association, and the Ethnological Society. This article is taken from his book, *Mankind So Far*, published at $3 by Doubleday, Doran & Co., Garden City, New York.

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tended to become smaller and more pulled in, and we might look for higher noses and more pointed chins. But we are not going to do without faces altogether.

Dr. Harry L. Shapiro of the Museum of Natural History has made some prophecies on which your money would be safe. Undoubtedly we are going to lose our wisdom teeth, which are in the act of vanishing now. Some people have none at all. Their disappearance will be a relief to the rest of our teeth, which will probably get smaller and be less crowded.

Dr. Shapiro also suggests we may lose our little toes, because they have been getting steadily smaller, with no strength or use in them. I don't think this means our feet might be narrower, for the broad ball of the foot is essential to balance. But essential is hardly the word for the fifth toe, and it will probably follow the third molar into oblivion.

Something else is vanishing, and that is hair. The Whites have traces of the suit of hair which covered our ape ancestors, and these traces will gradually vanish, as they have in the Negroes and Mongoloids. But the Whites also have an alarming tendency to lose all the hair on the top of their heads. Baldness has become common in the White races, but whether it will become universal is anybody's guess.

Now, what I have been saying is a short-term prophecy, good only for a million years or so. All sorts of dire fates have been predicted for man: an astronomer says the whole world is likely to end; a soil chemist says that some chemicals necessary to life are steadily being changed into forms which cannot be used as food; others claim man will destroy himself, which of course, is a political prediction.

Yet man, for all his frailties, is now one of the toughest, most tenacious, most adaptable animals in the kingdom. Man the animal, the biological quantity, will go on into the future, changing gradually as he goes. But of one thing I am positive: man is here in this world —to stay.

Ask and It Shall Be Given!

WHEN ONE of his favorite servants announced wedding plans, Alfred B. Nobel, the fabulously wealthy Swedish chemist, asked her what she would like for a wedding present. "I have decided on what I would like, sir," she replied, "but I doubt whether I can get it."

"Nonsense," said Nobel. "Tell me what it is. I told you to ask for whatever you wished."

"Well, sir," stammered the servant, "will you give me your income for one day?"

Alfred B. Nobel did. And the check he made out was for $28,000!

—JOHN N. MARKIS

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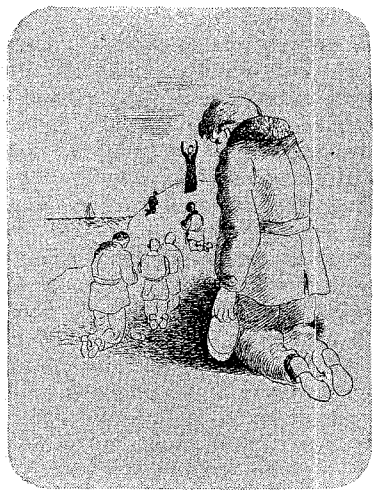
Since 1905 a unique mission has helped thousands along the coast of Maine

Sea-Going Parish

by JACK STENBUCK



ON A SUMMER afternoon in 1904, two Scotch clergymen with small parishes on the Maine coast—the brothers Alexander P. and Angus M. Mac Donald—climbed to the summit of Cadillac Mountain, overlooking Bar Harbor. As they gazed at the Atlantic's vast expanse, the miles of jigsaw coastline, the myriad specks of distant islands, their thoughts turned to the hardy lobster fishermen and their families, living out bleak lives in a world of their own.

Suddenly Alexander turned to his brother and cried: "Angus! What a parish!"

Today it is just that—one of the amazing parishes of the world—its many-sided activities revolving around the *Sunbeam III*, a sturdy 72-foot boat known throughout the Northeast as a floating samaritan of the sea. Sailing 400 to 500 miles a month, winter and summer, this ship of many self-appointed tasks brightens the lives of 10,000 people tucked away in remote hamlets along 2,500 miles of Maine's jagged coast and scattered on 3,000 islands strung out from Kittery to Eastport.

While Alexander's words were spoken on the spur of the moment, there was a dream behind them, born of his own lonely winters 20 years earlier when, fresh from Andover Seminary, he had seen firsthand the dreariness of life in an island fishing village. As a schoolteacher in Frenchboro he had learned what it meant to be without the ordinary necessities of life. He had known islands without teachers, children without toys, lighthouse keepers without books, communities without doctors, villages without preachers.

So to fulfill the dream, the Mac Donalds founded the Maine Sea Coast Mission in 1905. Though Congregational ministers themselves, they dedicated the mission to people of all faiths. Thus, in its 41 years, it has developed into no ordinary hymn-singing revival, satisfied with saving men's souls. The Mission boat has carried Bibles, prayer books and visiting preachers, but its cargoes also have included lumber for new homes,

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bread for the hungry, furniture for the newly-married, wheelchairs for the crippled, playthings for the youngsters and coffins for the dead.

No task of salvation, spiritual or physical, is too great or too small. The Mission's year-round services include 40 separate projects, ranging from providing a seagoing preacher to conduct a single-family religious meeting in a lighthouse, to distributing 2,600 Christmas gifts to residents of 165 scattered isles.

In emergencies, *Sunbeam III* has been the link between isolated people and the outside world. It has answered distress calls in storms, churned its way through 10-inch ice to free imprisoned draggers, carried desperately ill patients to mainland hospitals, carted mail and provisions when the mail boats couldn't make it.

In a single day the Mission's doctors removed two dozen tonsils on one island. On another day visiting dentists pulled 119 teeth and filled 175 more, the extracted teeth being used as an exhibit to raise funds so that the Mission could yank still more.

The Mission maintains Sargent House in Bar Harbor, a home established in memory of Mr. and Mrs. Winthrop Sargent, for island girls in high school on the mainland; finds teachers for out-of-the-way spots and helps to pay their salaries; provides cod-liver capsules for fishermen's children; offers scholarships to worthy students; and maintains two libraries—in Bar Harbor and Jonesport—comprising tons of old magazines and 10,000 books.

Recently the Mission boat handled three emergency calls in one night. The first was for a casket to be brought from Rockland to a remote island. At Rockland, the *Sunbeam* received the other calls. One was for someone to conduct a funeral on Matinicus, the other from a nurse on Swans Island reporting that a dying fisherman needed an oxygen tent.

The Mission staff aboard the boat, deciding the casket could wait, put a preacher aboard another craft for the trip to Matinicus, phoned to Northeast Harbor for an ambulance, then hurried to Swans Island with adrenalin to keep the sick man alive on the journey. In a winter sea they brought the victim to the mainland and a few weeks later returned him, fully recovered, to his island home.

FROM THE FIRST the Mission's funds have come from small public subscriptions and from large donations by members of the Maine coast's wealthy summer colonies. The compass on the *Sunbeam III* is the gift of Henry Morgenthau, Jr., while one of the four previous boats was a yacht, the *Morning Star*, presented by the late Bishop Alexander Mackay-Smith of Philadelphia. Since 1905, the Mission has received about $1,000,000 in contributions.

Originally, while Angus remained ashore and used his persuasive powers to raise money, Alexander resigned his own pastorate and bought a second-hand sloop which he renamed the *Hope*. Acting as his own navigator, he set out to chart the new parish.

Alexander, broad-shouldered and horny-handed, was equally adept

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at using those hands for binding wounds or disciplining an unrepentant sinner. When he found a parishioner ill in bed, he would often saw firewood before leading a prayer for recovery. Once, according to legend, he paused in a sermon to invite an island bully outside. Alexander returned in a moment to resume his text, but the bully was a long time picking himself up from the ground.

For more than 16 years, first in the *Hope*, then in the *Morning Star* and finally in a boat built especially for the Mission as the gift of Mrs. John S. Kennedy of New York, Alexander continued his work. While the last of the boats was being constructed, a lighthouse keeper's young daughter suggested the name *Sunbeam*. Since then, two succeeding boats have carried the same name. Meanwhile the child has grown up, married a Coast Guardsman and occasionally is thrilled by a visit from *Sunbeam III*.

Long before *Sunbeam III* was built, however, Alexander's work had ended. In 1922, about to start an island voyage, he signaled "full steam ahead," then fell dead at the wheel. For a while Angus, who had borne the title of Mission president, assumed the burdens of superintendent. At his death the office passed to others, until eight years ago when the present superintendent, Neal D. Bousfield, took over.

Mr. Bousfield, who received his training at Andover-Newton Theological School, lacks the rugged build of the Mission's founder. At 40, this Maine-born Baptist clergyman is frail and almost boyish-looking, but he has endeared himself to island folk by his readiness to answer any call in the *Sunbeam*, regardless of personal danger.

He directs a staff of 18, including a boat crew of three, from modest headquarters in Bar Harbor. His guiding philosophy is that what you take out of life isn't important—it's what you put into it that counts.

Once each month he charts a week's cruise, loads *Sunbeam III* with books, medicine, fruit or stranger cargo, and starts out accompanied by one or more parsons whom he drops off at isolated spots for week-end services. But day or night, at any other time of the month, the boat is ready to pull up anchor to meet special calls.

Mrs. Bousfield also devotes her energies to the Mission. Twenty-six years ago Sigma Kappa sorority, owing to its Maine origin at Colby College, voted to adopt the Mission as its special philanthropy. Since then Mrs. Bousfield has helped to raise more than $50,000 in cash and many other gifts for island children through the national membership.

THE REV. ANSON WILLIAMS, another Maine pastor, is one of the Mission's itinerant preachers. Along the coast he is known simply as "Parson." The women stuff him with delicious clam pies and lobster stews while their husbands perform community miracles at his bidding. At Frenchboro, when he discovered lobstermen were interested in sports, he arranged a field day. There was discus-throwing with stove covers, javelin-hurling with homemade spears, rowing races and shooting. When the meet was over, everyone gave a hand in shingling the house of worship.

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What the Mission means to congregations was summed up in an Easter report written by the Rev. Mr. Williams:

"I took five Easter lilies with me for use in our services. I left the first at Corea, in the care of Mrs. Dunbar. The children enjoyed it at Sunday School, it adorned the sanctuary for our Easter service in the afternoon, it was used to decorate the church for the evening concert. Mrs. Dunbar then took it to Mrs. Crowley, who was ill.

"At Cape Split I found two ladies confined to their homes. It was hard to decide which should have a lily after service. I finally left it with Aunt Dody for a day, used it in service for 16 people in the Thompson home, then gave it to Aunt Alice.

"Lily No. 3 was taken to Moose Neck in Addison. Some of the children had never seen one before. We voted to send it to an invalid, who was moved to tears when it arrived.

"The fourth was used at the Indian River service on Wednesday evening, when 28 children and adults were present. I had to take it with me to Mason's Bay. The schoolchildren enjoyed it and we used it at our service that evening. Later it was given to the teacher.

"The remaining lily was reserved for our Jonesboro service. Then by popular consent it was left with a sick lady, who was to loan it to the Union Church the following Sunday. At least 500 people were given Easter joy through those five lilies."

To accomplish its wonders, the Mission operates on a budget of only $30,000 a year. This is possible, Mr. Bousfield points out, because isolation, not poverty, is the principal problem. "Matinicus, for example," he explains, "is the heart of the best lobster grounds. No one there needs or wants charity, but the *Sunbeam* brings them what money can't buy—a bridge to the outside world and spiritual comfort."

Though the Mission's work has been greatly expanded, Mr. Bousfield is now looking for still more ways to demonstrate that it is better to put something into life than to take something out. He is flirting with the idea of buying a helicopter to supplement the work of the *Sunbeam* on emergency calls. Like Alexander MacDonald's words spoken on Cadillac Mountain, the helicopter idea is still only a dream, but on the record of the Mission's past performance it is a dream that may soon come true.

Where Are Yesterday's Cheers?

WE ARE ALREADY beginning to forget what our fighting men went through. One man describes the situation in his town: "With the first ten men who came back it was 'Hail the conquering heroes!' With the next 50 it was, 'Glad to see you back, fellows.' With the next 200 it was, 'This mob of veterans is getting to be a troublesome problem.' "

—GENERAL OMAR N. BRADLEY

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A renowned lawyer urges tolerance toward those who protect the underdog in court

In Defense of Defense Lawyers

by WM. SCOTT STEWART

Although he is one of America's best-known defense lawyers, Wm. Scott Stewart first came to fame as the ace prosecutor of the Cook County State's Attorney's Office in Chicago. As a defense lawyer he has figured in many criminal cases which attracted nation-wide attention. A graduate of John Marshall Law School, where he later taught criminal law, he recently gave a refresher course sponsored by the Chicago Bar Association for returned lawyer-veterans. Mr. Stewart wrote this article in answer to the slurs and jibes often directed against criminal lawyers.
—THE EDITORS

AT THE TIME newspapers were publicizing kidnaping charges against a notorious Chicago kidnap gang, I was in Springfield to argue a case before the Illinois Supreme Court. Going up in a crowded hotel elevator, someone in the rear said loudly: "If they would just lock up Scott Stewart, they'd have less trouble putting those gangsters where they belong."

I said nothing. But as we stepped off the elevator, Assistant State's Attorney John Boyle remarked, "I'd have punched that guy in the nose." I replied that if I fought every critic of the criminal lawyer, I wouldn't have time for anything else.

Today it's not only the general public but lawyers in other fields who damn the criminal lawyer. The ordinary citizen, who never expects to come up against the law himself, thinks of arrest and indictment as strong evidence of guilt and fails to see why tax money should be spent to protect lawbreakers.

Lawyers for big business, who come to share their clients' fear of threats to vested interests, assume that the criminal lawyer resembles *his* less fortunate clients. Consequently, to be a criminal lawyer and yet lay claim to decency, civic pride and professional standing seems a joke to many ill-informed people.

What are the commonest objections to criminal lawyers? We use "tricks and delays"; we "resort to technicalities"; we defend people who are "obviously guilty"; we "fix" juries and policemen; we try

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to keep juries from learning "the facts"; we "frame" alibis and concoct defenses; we "coach" witnesses. We are, in short, very bad men.

Now I admit there are probably as many dishonest, incapable, greedy, ruthless, conniving men in criminal law as in any other profession or business. Those criminal lawyers who abuse their privileges will be purged on the same day that quack doctors, shady promoters, unscrupulous businessmen, crooked politicians, racketeers and other undesirables are eliminated—which is never. Public-spirited citizens who campaign against jury-fixers and influence-peddlers have my full support. My fight is with that majority of the public which confuses a lawyer's malpractice with his rights and duties.

There is so much criticism of the law and the courts, even among judges and lawyers, that even the best-informed sometimes forget that the law is wiser than any of us. When I was a prosecutor years ago, I felt that the rule on accomplice testimony placed too great a handicap on the state. The law provides that testimony of a self-confessed criminal should be viewed with suspicion. I thought that if the man who drove a car for a gang of bank robbers turned witness against them, he certainly was in a position to know what had happened and who was along.

Later I learned what the law knew long before I was born—that the stool pigeon might accuse an innocent man and overlook a guilty one, if that story happened to suit his purpose or make him more acceptable to the authorities.

Many people today look on other law requirements as I once looked upon the accomplice rule. Why, they ask, waste time and money listening to a lawyer talk about the Constitution when the thief has been caught red-handed and has made a confession? The answer is that the only practical method of protecting the innocent is to give the same fair trial to guilty and innocent alike. This includes legal protection for their lawyers.

Obviously the defendant's lawyer should go into court on equal footing with the lawyer for the prosecution. Hence, the law has set up safeguards for defense lawyers. For instance, he is not required to reveal a client's confidences. The accused has the right to talk to his lawyer without restraint, just as you talk to your doctor. The logic of this should be obvious, yet I am often asked: "Would you defend a man you *knew* to be guilty?"

My "knowledge" is not the test. No man is guilty until the jury says so. I don't think the law is intended to be inflexible, or that every minor violator should be locked up. The jails aren't large enough. Juries are purposely given latitude, since no two violations can be considered precisely alike.

THE NEED FOR a lawyer's devotion to the defendant's cause is illustrated by an actual case of mine. A night watchman named Stemwidle and his friend Berg, while making the rounds of a Chicago plant, surprised two armed thieves. Stemwidle was mortally wounded, but before he died he told police that Fred Bockelman, who had been seen lurking around the

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plant, was the man who shot him.

When police brought Bockelman to Stemwidle's bedside, the dying watchman positively identified the prisoner as his murderer. Moreover, Berg picked Bockelman out of a line-up, naming him as the killer. Bockelman denied his guilt, but refused to say where he had been at the time of the shooting.

While he was being held without bail, police found "the woman in the case," Ethel Beck, who made a confession implicating herself and Bockelman. She re-enacted the crime for police and news photographers. Bockelman, who had been trying to support a wife and three children, was indicted with Ethel Beck for murder. The case seemed perfect. Newspaper readers knew the man was "obviously guilty."

Bockelman's brother, however, raised a defense fund and I was asked to take the case. In jail, Bockelman told me he was innocent, that he had never seen the Beck girl before, and that he refused to reveal his whereabouts at the time of the shooting because he had been in a dice game with a group including a policeman. He was afraid the policeman would get fired.

I checked the story, found there had been such a dice game. Then I checked on Ethel Beck and learned she had been miles from the scene on the night of the killing.

By this time the papers had printed the prosecutor's demand for the death penalty for Bockelman. When the case came to trial I was still investigating, so I was granted a 30-day continuance—one of those "needless delays." But before the 30 days had expired, police had gotten a confession from a new set of defendants: Otto and Kitty Malm and James Burke.

Police were able to corroborate the new confessions in many details; but the prosecutor, still suspecting a trick by Bockelman's defense, insisted that all five suspects be indicted, and that Bockelman and Beck be held, still without bail, until after the Malm-Burke trial.

Bockelman had been in jail six months before the Malms and Burke were found guilty and the case against him dismissed. The prosecution then admitted that Ethel Beck did not know what she was doing when she "confessed" a crime she had not committed.

AS FOR THOSE legal moves scornfully called "technicalities," if ever you are indicted you'll be glad some defense lawyer fought to establish that right as your own. For example, in Chicago the newspapers, reformers and certain judges posted a list of public enemies. Police arrested them on sight, as under a Nazi regime. Those found carrying guns were convicted.

But the Supreme Court discharged the accused on the ground that police had no right to make the search which disclosed the gun. The decision was unpopular, but the justices realized, even if the public did not, that if policemen are permitted to make haphazard arrests, they will not know where to stop.

What, then, of "coaching witnesses" and "keeping facts from the jury"—two more charges against the criminal lawyer? It is not only a lawyer's right but his duty to

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talk to his witnesses in advance of trial, so as to present their knowledge to the court in an orderly manner and to prepare them against traps set by opposing counsel. Knowing how often your casual daily remarks are misinterpreted, you should not object to this rule of procedure.

Similarly, it is the defense lawyer's duty to prevent the prosecution from introducing prejudicial evidence. Reformers and inexperienced laymen believe the jury should know of the defendant's previous arrests and general bad character. They are right in thinking that a prisoner with a police record is more likely to be guilty than one with a good reputation. But so far as proof of the crime is concerned, a man's record means nothing. Long ago the law decided that the man with a shady past should have the same chance in court as the reputable citizen.

Does the criminal lawyer frame alibis and concoct defenses? Actually, fabricated defense is subject to exposure in court and generally results in conviction. Many an innocent man has been convicted when his alibi was torn apart. Family and friends of a defendant will often do a little lying to help. But had they gone to a reputable lawyer, such well-meaning perjury would never have reached the courtroom.

Now we come to the big, dramatic charge against criminal lawyers —a charge rife with bribed jurors, "bought" judges, fixed policemen, missing witnesses and the like. Yes, I know someone is corrupted every day. But usually, political influence and bribing are confined to small cases, involving gambling or vice. In an important prosecution, the defendant who selects his lawyer on any basis other than ability is almost certain to wind up in the penitentiary.

Jury tampering is rare. Methods of selection screen out men and women of ill repute and no intelligent person with a clean record will make acceptance of a bribe his first crime. A good defense lawyer prefers honest and courageous jurors. Experience has taught me to respect the fairness of the average American juror if he knows the facts.

I defended the Touhys in St. Paul when they were charged with kidnaping William Hamm, the brewer. They were denied bail; jail and courthouse were guarded with machine guns; special prosecutors were sent from Washington; the country was incensed at the crime and the outlaw gangs bred by Prohibition. Yet the jury of men and women weighed the evidence and found it wanting. After the Touhy trial, the FBI captured the real kidnapers, who pleaded guilty.

Certainly there is a lot of illegal practice in criminal law. But after

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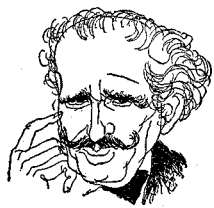
36 years of court experience I still believe that the bulwarks of our liberty are in the hands of men of character and integrity.

I don't blame people for asserting that the criminal lawyer has a peculiar advantage in getting away with illegal conduct. He does have, to some extent, just as the quack doctor has a good chance to kill you. But the defense lawyer is in the best possible position to know from experience that crime does not pay.

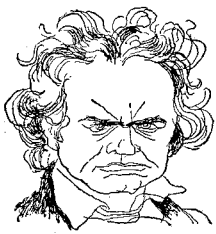
Seeing people daily betray each other through their "friends," blood relatives and accomplices, the criminal lawyer who puts anyone in a position to testify against him is certainly a fool. Who knows better than the criminal lawyer that the first law of nature is self-preservation?

So long as we are agreed that government shall not ride over any group roughshod—so long as we reaffirm the principle of equality before law—the trained lawyer who protects the underdog in court is not only a necessity but a blessing. Like any other human being, a criminal lawyer can be good or bad, but if he is a hard fighter, standing fearlessly against powerful interests year after year, he should not at the same time be vulnerable to unfounded prosecution himself.

Allegro



WHILE REHEARSING Beethoven's *Ninth Symphony*, the musicians responded with a particular sensitivity to Toscanini's every wish and desire. What resulted was a performance that moved the men of the orchestra to a spontaneous ovation. They rose to their feet and cheered the little man who had just given them such a new and wonderful insight into the music. Desperately, Toscanini tried to stop them, waving his arms wildly, shouting to them. Finally, when the ovation subsided, he said in a broken voice: "It isn't me, men—it's Beethoven!"



IN BEETHOVEN'S birthplace at Bonn, his piano, carefully roped off, bore a sign reading: "Please do not touch." Tourists found it hard to resist the temptation to touch the keys hallowed by contact with the master's fingers. One woman, caught in the act by the caretaker, looked up at him sheepishly and said: "I suppose everybody who comes here tries to play something on that piano." "Not everybody," the caretaker replied. "Only the other day Paderewski was here, and he said he was not worthy to touch it."

—From *Listen to the Mocking Words* by DAVID EWEN

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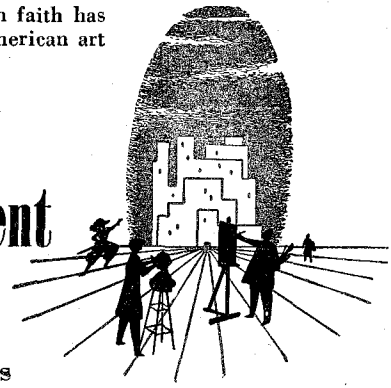
A unique community center started on faith has made a tremendous contribution to American art

Cleveland's Cradle of Talent



by CAROL HUGHES

OUT OF CLEVELAND'S raggedest Negro slums has come a house of magic, a center of culture and an institution that has spread its influence across the country. For a quarter of a century Karamu House has devoted its efforts towards developing the cultural talents of the Negro race. Unique in America, it stands today as a monument to the faith, work and courage of two people—Rowena and Russell Jelliffe, social workers who started fresh from college, untrained and untried.

Karamu, a word taken from the Swahili language of Africa, means "center of the community" or "place of enjoyment." Cleveland's Karamu means not only a "place of enjoyment" but a house in which talent is ignited with the certainty of a match put to gasoline. Through its shaky old doors have wandered the aimless, the sulky, the lonely and the depressed. Out of it have come painters, actors, decorators, sculptors, singers, technicians, teachers and public leaders.

It has produced such figures as Fred Carlo, the first Negro to exhibit at the International Print Show, and Elmer Brown, the second Negro to win the same honor. The capricious and unchained Zell Ingram arrived at Karamu as a little boy and remained to become one of America's foremost painters and sculptors. Dozens of today's leading Negro artists on Broadway are Karamu products. In fact, when Producer Billy Rose began casting for *Carmen Jones*, he headed for Karamu.

For the fostering of such successes, Karamu has had practically no money, little equipment and only such professional talent as the hard-working Jelliffes could summon from their overtaxed abilities. And yet the contributions of Karamu are so many and varied as almost to preclude listing.

In the field of art it has developed the largest single group of producing Negro artists in the country. In the dance, a group of its talented, whirling, twirling performers took New York by storm at the World's Fair. In the field of drama, Karamu houses the oldest and foremost Negro theater in America—the Gil-

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pin Players. The Men's, Women's and Young People's Clubs have turned out, and are still turning out, enthusiastic leaders and teachers in political and community life.

Yet the national fame of Karamu is incidental to its basic ideal. Its greatness lies in its roots. For 30 years the Jelliffes have operated on the premise that the cultural stemming-out of accomplishment not only renders a man, woman or child independent of his surroundings but lifts him above them, creating a fortress for the self within the self. If just a few Karamu youths emerged as more useful citizens, then the House would rightly enjoy fame. But Karamu specializes in creating a better home environment, a happier family association and a general upgrading in finer living for all its people.

IT WAS 25 YEARS ago that the Jelliffes came to Cleveland, a happy, devoted, animated couple. Both had studied at Oberlin College, majoring in social and political sciences. Rowena Woodham was an ardent fighter for feminine liberties as president of the Women's Suffrage League at Oberlin. Russell Jelliffe's fight for the civic rights of all people, without discrimination, is still remembered on the campus. Both young people won scholarships in postgraduate work at the University of Chicago.

In Chicago they were married and started work in the Negro settlements in association with Hull House. But hardly had their work begun when the Second Presbyterian Church in Cleveland invited them to take over the newly established Karamu House. The job offered little money, little opportunity, yet the Jelliffes jumped at the chance.

They knew they would face people both hostile and suspicious, and their job was to allay that hostility. Persuading the Men's Club of Cleveland to purchase a defunct funeral parlor in the heart of the Negro section, the Jelliffes took a small cottage in the rear and moved into the middle of a wretched slum area. The Negroes, however, remained unimpressed, sullen, defiant.

The first hesitant, undernourished little children who came to their door did not know what to make of two white people who greeted them with friendliness, not condescension. Gradually the children who frequented a nearby meager playground began to ask for a drink of water. At home they spoke of going to "The Playground House." The Jelliffes invited them to come back in the evenings and play in the living room. They drifted in, standing shyly in corners. Rowena told fascinating stories, Russell played the guitar.

Cautiously, feeling their way, the Jelliffes observed various talents among the Negro children. There were songs, dances, rhythmic drills, and after a while the shyness faded. A crude charcoal drawing found its way to the wall: bits of bright calico were hung by lamps, and little self-sacrificing purchases poured in from the dime store.

When a curly-haired little boy peeked through the door and smiled, how could the Jelliffes know that one day he would proudly display his work in the International Print Show? But in a way they did

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know. For, long after the children were gone the Jelliffes sat in their cottage, talking. "Oh, if we only had a piano"—"We must start a dance class"—"There ought to be an art class."

The Jelliffes became convinced as they watched the children that the Negro, like the white man, is happiest when expressing himself creatively. Out the window went set welfare rules: principles gave way to experiments in crafts, music, art, drama—anything to fit a talent. They began developing each child, rather than herding dozens together in routine classes.

As the Jelliffes continued their work, Cleveland people began to look askance. They had expected the Jelliffes to work among the Negroes, but treating them as fellow human beings was something else. As invitation after invitation to the Jelliffes to expend themselves in social activities was turned down, the white people of Cleveland became angry. Soon the Jelliffes were practically isolated from all but Negroes in their shabby little home behind the funeral parlor.

But they continued to make their home a gay, happy place—and their students continued to increase. Gradually, diversified groups became organized: mothers' clubs, child-study groups, community organizations, men's and women's auxiliary classes, and full-time study groups in sculpture, ceramics and dramatics. More and more the Negroes of Cleveland turned to Karamu as a haven.

After four years of struggle, Karamu cut loose from the church aegis and was incorporated as a non-profit organization with a board of trustees. The boys and girls were carving a place in the city's commercial life. Ceramics and linoleum-block prints began to appear in important exhibits. Ceremonial masks were in demand by art studios. Truly, magic was being performed in the little house on Central Avenue.

The first important experiment —one destined to draw national attention—occurred when Charles Gilpin came to Cleveland to play the role of *The Emperor Jones*. Rowena Jelliffe had started a children's theater, but soon dozens of adults clamored to be in the plays. "I knew here was a rich vein of gold that had to be tapped," she says, "so even if my directing was a flop, I plunged."

At first the little band of adult players performed in churches, halls, anywhere they were invited. But they were good, and wherever they went they played to standing room. Then one day Gilpin paid a visit. Backstage he addressed them: "Learn to see the drama in your own life, ape no one, and some day the world will come to see you." To prove his confidence, he gave $50 as a starting fund. Out of appreciation the men and women called themselves the Gilpin Players.

As soon as the Gilpin Players began to specialize in folk drama, their fame spread. All Cleveland began to vie for admission. Say the Jelliffes: "We found we had an elephant by the tail and couldn't let go. We needed everything, and had nothing."

Undaunted, they prevailed on some steadfast friends to purchase an old poolroom for a theater. There

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was no money for seats, lights, decoration or equipment, but everybody went to work. The Jelliffes bought some discarded church pews on a pay-as-you-can basis; the women players made draperies; one young player, now an accomplished painter, fashioned reflectors from alcohol tins. The Gilpin Players knew they could depend on no "angels." So they stood on their own feet—and performed miracles.

All players volunteered their services. No one has ever received any pay, the theater has never been subsidized. And yet in 20 years they have produced 140 plays, including every worth-while work from a Negro's pen. They have established a $5,000 scholarship for youngsters among them to carry on studies—all on the sale of 75-cent tickets. The *Theater Arts Magazine* has called them "the greatest single democratizing force in their community."

The pattern at Karamu starts with preschool activities and continues through all stages of life. Yearly the program directly engages thousands of children and adults, and indirectly almost all the 100,000 Negro population of Cleveland. In the scores of clubs and groups crowded into cramped quarters, democratic education is accomplished through study of government and emphasis on how the Negro can contribute his great share to the "Main Stream."

The Jelliffes have proved that out of a slum area can come a constructive neighborhood. Now with seams bursting and more Negroes pouring in, they have decided to raise $550,000 for a building program to lift themselves out of their dilapidated, inadequate structure. The first unit has been built—a modern nursery center—and land has been bought for four more.

The Jelliffes are astonished at their daring, yet happy and optimistic. "Magic," they say, "cannot hold up crumbling walls nor put on endless patches of roof. We are not money-raisers, but somehow we must become that too."

On Karamu's 25th birthday, 600 leading citizens of Cleveland gathered in tribute to the Jelliffes. Singer Dorothy Maynor and Paul Green, Pulitzer playwright, came to pay homage. Said Green over a coast-to-coast network: "The Jelliffes are the kind of dreamers who have made America great."

Clevelanders thought so too, and promptly awarded them the city's most coveted civic award—the Charles Eiseman Trophy.

Permission Granted

A HOUSEWIFE interviewing a prospective maid was exerting herself to make the job sound attractive. As a final inducement she said, "And we have no children, Maggie. That will make your work lighter."

Maggie grinned broadly. "I'll take the place, ma'am," she decided, "but I'm awfully fond of children, so don't restrict yourself on my account."

—PAT MOORE

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A revolutionary new process will save Mrs. America many hours in the kitchen

New *Miracle* Foods Are on the Way

by JOHN DAVIS

HAILED BY EXPERTS as the greatest development in food processing since man first learned to preserve fruits by drying them in the sun, a revolutionary new product, known as "Anhydrous Foods," will soon appear on the market. Anhydrated fruits and vegetables will retain the aroma, flavor, color and vitamin content of fresh foods, and since they have had virtually all the water extracted, will come in containers twice the size of a pack of cigarettes.

A housewife may bring home in her purse enough anhydrated fruits and vegetables to last a week end. For example, one small package of "riced" potatoes, about the size of two packs of playing cards, will serve five people. Also "fresh" fruits and vegetables can be used the year round, instead of "seasonally" as heretofore, since anhydrated foods will last without refrigeration for about a year at ordinary temperatures.

Another advantage for the housewife will be fewer trips to market. A year's supply could be purchased at one time and kept in a medium-sized pantry. Cooking time will be drastically reduced, there will be no peeling or washing and no garbage to dispose of, since seeds and hulls are removed in processing.

Clarence Birdseye, who 18 years ago invented the first successful commercial quick-freezer, is the inventor of the new "miracle" foods. Recently he made his discovery public when he was host to 200 food experts at a Waldorf-Astoria luncheon in New York.

The experts, expecting Birdseye to announce a discovery in quick-freezing methods, were amazed when he told them after lunch that they had been eating his newest processed food. Skeptical, they asked how it was done. Birdseye and H. W. Roden, president of American Home Foods, Inc., the company that will make the product, then gave a demonstration.

Using carrots, broccoli and potatoes, Birdseye cooked the first two in ten minutes, with only a hot plate, sauce pans and a little water. Then he emptied a package of anhydrous "riced" potatoes into the top of a double boiler, poured hot water over them, and stirred a few moments. Elapsed time, package to finished product: four minutes.

Birdseye says he has successfully anhydrated spinach, onions, potatoes, squash, yams and almost every other common vegetable, as well as various fruits and berries. He sees virtually no limit to the fresh foods that can be anhydrated.

Ordinary dehydrated foods ac-

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tually require longer to prepare than fresh vegetables. They must be soaked for long periods to "rehydrate" them, then cooked. An hour and a half is the usual cooking time, as compared with four to ten minutes for the new product. Where the dehydrator requires about 18 hours to remove water from vegetables, the anhydrator will do the job in about an hour and a half—and will remove more water.

"The water is removed so rapidly, without overheating, that the product doesn't have time to change its characteristics," Birdseye says. "Because of rapid anhydrating, little time is required to restore the water content in cooking. By reducing cooking time, more of the flavor, aroma, color and vitamin-value of vegetables is retained."

THE MACHINE WHICH produces the new anhydrated foods is a marvel of ingenuity. Vegetables and fruits travel through it on six endless belts. Under the first five belts are metal plates which convey conducted heat to the food. Directly above the belts are radiant heaters. In addition, there are eight fans which send a gale of heated air upon the food particles. This air strikes the drying food as it is being agitated on the moving belts. As the food is dried, losing weight, the air picks it up and carries it to the next drying chamber. This combination of three forms of heat-transfer—conducted, radiated and convected—gives better results than the hot-air blowers used in the ordinary dehydration process.

Anhydrous foods also offer the advantage of a saving in storage space. Five truck loads of raw vegetables come out of an ordinary canning plant as nine loads of canned and packed goods. In an anhydrating plant they result in one truck load of finished product.

"Most vegetables contain about 65 to 85 per cent water," Rodin explains. "By removing this weight at the plant, it needn't be hauled all over the country. The saving in shipping cost is bound to result in a more economical product.

"We expect anhydrous foods to be used widely in hotels, restaurants and homes. One of the largest items of expense in mass-feeding is the waste caused by left-overs. This waste will be cut sharply by anhydrous products, since large amounts of food will not have to be prepared in advance; servings can be quickly prepared as needed. And those engaged in feeding the public will be able to offer a varied menu of 'fresh' fruits and vegetables all year, regardless of season or geographical location."

Insufficient Peace

CLOSER TO THE truth than he had meant to be was the schoolboy who wrote on an examination paper: "The Armistice was signed on the 11th of November in 1918 and since then every year there has been two minutes' peace."

—*The Armstrong News*

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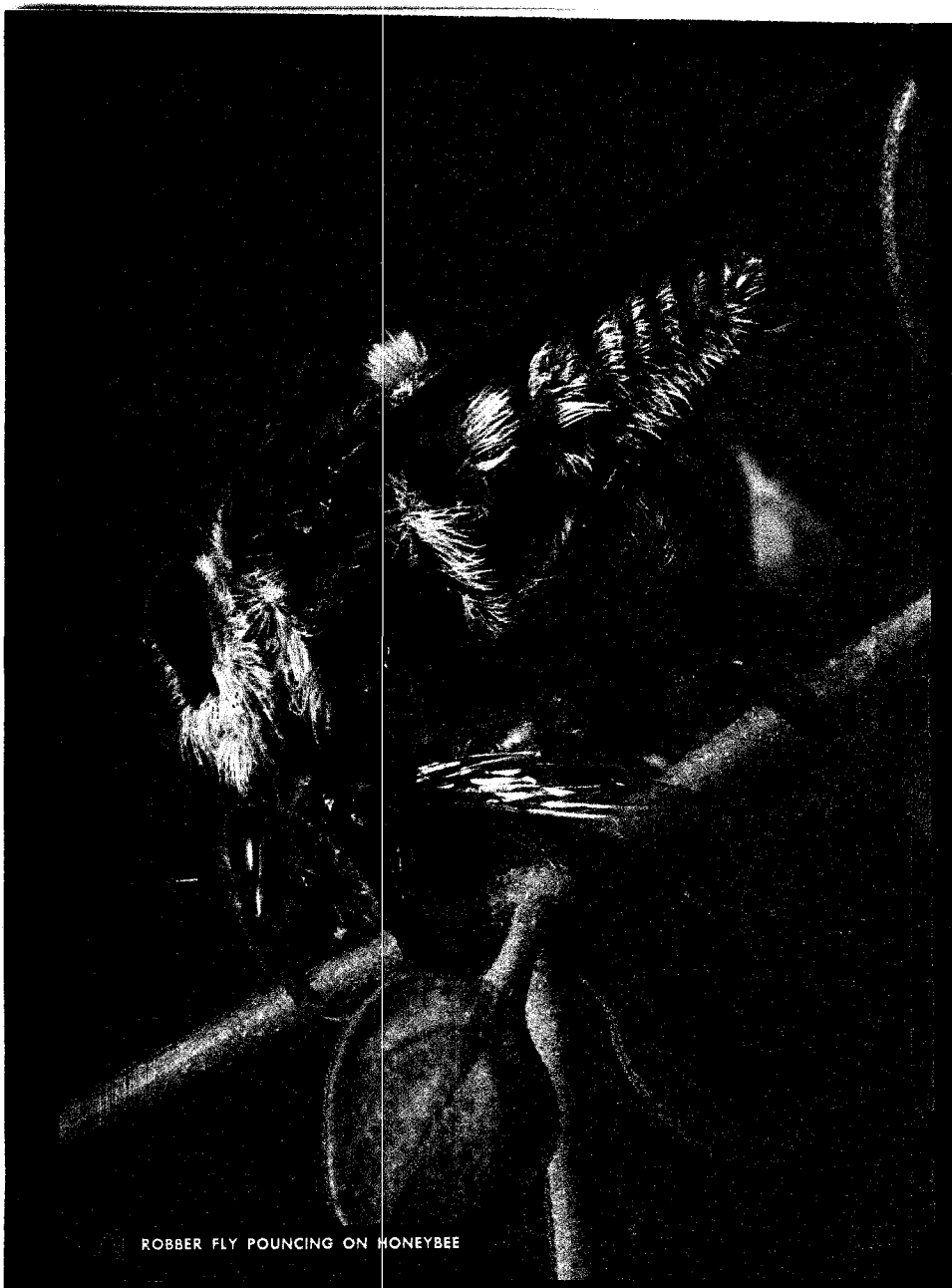

ROBBER FLY POUNCING ON HONEYBEE

The Robber Fly, like most insects, kills in order to appease its hunger. Looking like the innocent bee it feeds upon, this one has a mouth fitted with a hollow spear and razor-sharp blades.

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G CATERPILLAR

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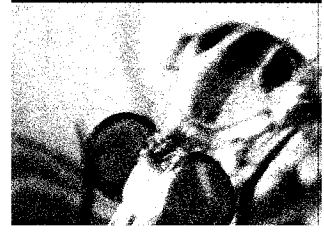

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ut it is one of the most active ene-
pecies of the Crab Spider, pictured
wers they inhabit. This camouflage
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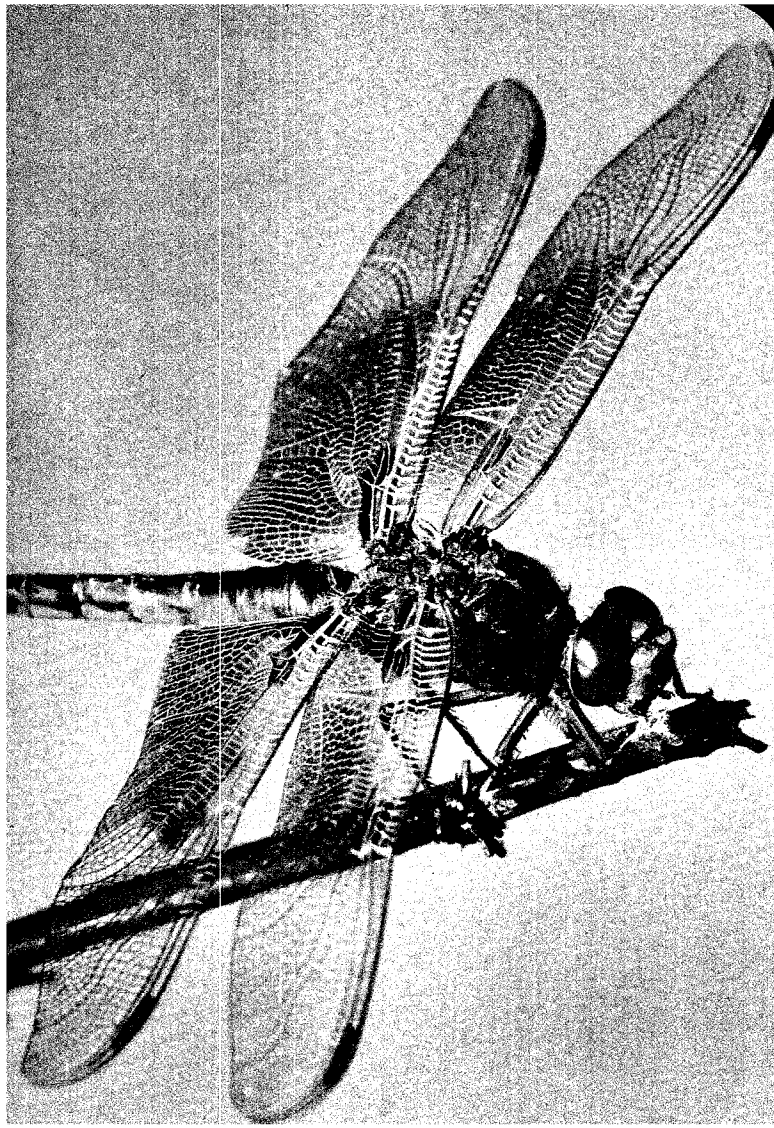

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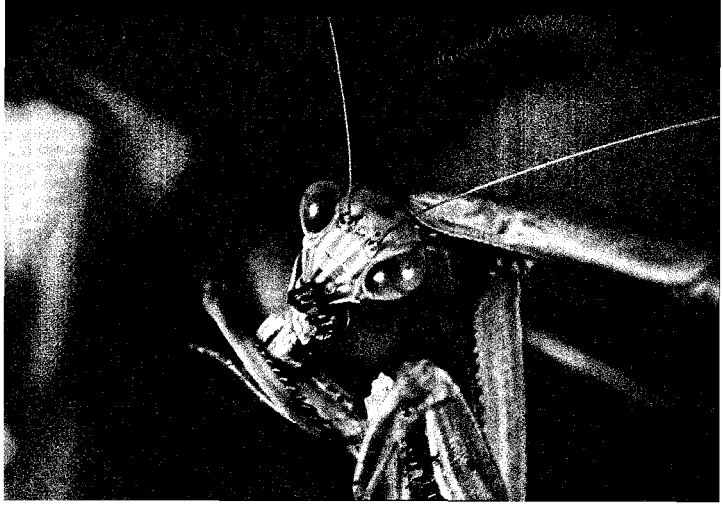
PRAYING MANTIS WITH BUTTERFLY

The most curious of insects is the Praying Mantis, whose
petite, causing the destruction of many harmful insects,
among the friends of man. So swift and greedy is the Ma
many Australians keep it in their windows to capture f



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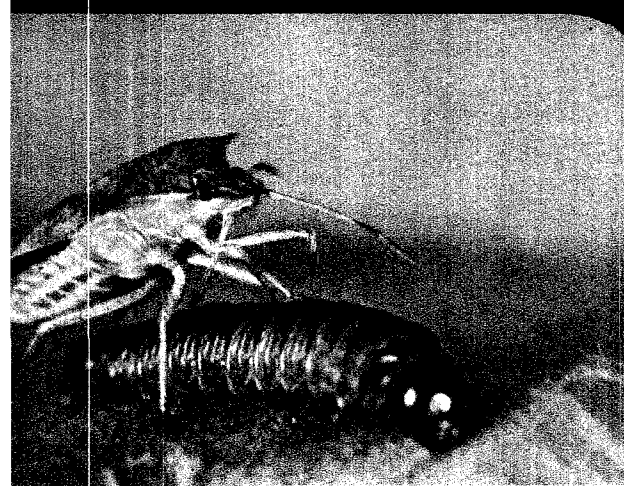
NJURED GRASSHOPPER

cial insect, hunting not for itself but for its com-
out of all proportion to its size, it will risk its life
ven in the face of a monstrous grasshopper.



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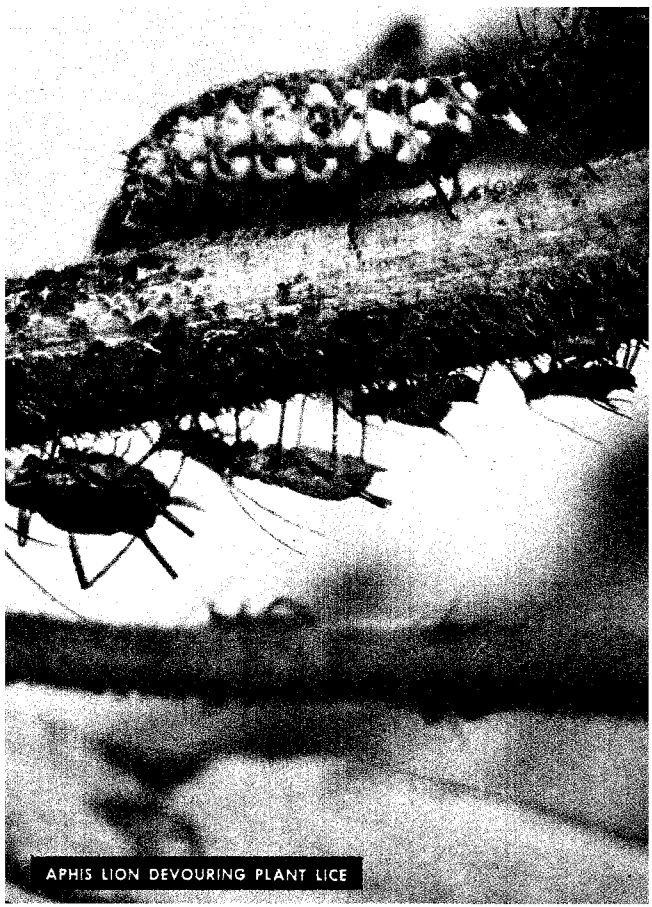

APHIS LION DEVOURING PLANT LICE

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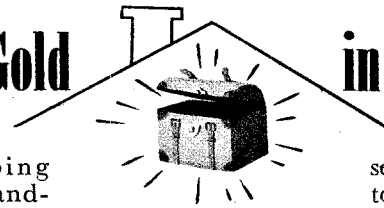
There's Gold in Your Attic



Take it from one who has mined it: rich historical treasure can be found among trash

by
CAROLINE BIRD MENUEZ

REMEMBER going through grandmother's trunk as a child? There was a heavily boned dress with a waist small enough to take your breath away. A printed dance program pressing a scentless rose. A quaint love letter in Spencerian script. You thought of grandmother as a wax doll in a world of sugar-plum fairies, and that's exactly how she liked to think of herself.

If she had saved as carefully the dentist's bill, newspaper advertisements, the label on a tonic bottle and the trade cards given away in groceries, you would have a much better idea of what she was actually like. One thing you really want to know about grandmother is what she took for granted or preferred to ignore—how grandfather and his contemporaries made a living.

It isn't the kind of knowledge that people put into books: it comes out in the naïve advertising of the 19th century. The evidence lies in thousands of small-town attics and cellars of the New England and Middle Atlantic antique country, waiting for a miner with patience enough to extract its low-assay ore.

One such miner is Sonny Warshaw, founder of the Warshaw Collection of Business Americana, who has spent ten comfortable years acquiring the scraps of paper grandmother forgot to throw away and selling them not only to historians and economists, but to advertising departments of the companies which once paid to give them away.

His surprising researches started in 1935. Soon after, he came across an invoice signed by John Forsythe, founder of a venerable New York haberdashery, while rummaging in an Albany attic. Usually pickers burn the "ephemera" or loose papers which make the extraction of valuable antiques a rubbishy trade, but Sonny shipped the invoice off to the New York store.

By return mail he received polite thanks and an invitation to drop in and pick up a half-dozen of Forsythe's best shirts with the compliments of the house. A few days later he swung down Madison Avenue with the determination of a well-shirted man, newly possessed of a guiding principle: there isn't anything in the world which someone won't want some day.

Today Warshaw mails thousands of old advertising items a week to his 500 corporation clients who read like a blue book of American industry. What they don't want for historical files or current promotion goes into his warehouse on West 97th Street in New York, where his 500,000 handbills, pamphlets, labels, catalogues, invoices, packages, menus, trade cards and

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objects given away as ads are stowed under 750 headings, covering the field of U. S. business from corn cures to steam boilers.

Warshaw knows there isn't a corporation more than a hundred years old that has a coherent record of its past products, prices and promotion, and many are appallingly ignorant even of their origin.

Warshaw has been able to provide a birth certificate for several clients. Thos. Leeming & Co., pharmaceutical importers, were able to push back the date of founding on their letterhead to 1881 when Warshaw found a trade card they distributed in that year. Armstrong Manufacturing Co., the New England foundry, was able to remind customers that it started in life making bells, after one of its early cards showed a sleigh drawn by horses wearing Armstrong bells.

Even Warshaw is surprised at some of the uses found for his material. During the war, Ryan Aeronautical asked him for posters showing women in uniform working in World War I defense plants, to prove that woman's place had long been in the munitions factory. In one exhibit, the Museum of the City of New York used two of his invoices to show what happened to living costs in previous American wars. Dun & Bradstreet, a steady customer, drew on his collection of 19th-century ship-clearing notices in a study of Latin-American credit, thus proving that neighborly traffic has been going on for quite some time.

Warshaw has long since given up serious picking for himself. Instead, he relies on forty agents all over the country who hunt for books and antiques. Yet every few weeks he swashes happily into his apartment hotel, covered with the dust of some storeroom. Or he may have returned from visiting a wrecker in such trash-ridden centers as Boston or Albany, who knows that Warshaw pays off in drinks for information leading to old papers left for him to carry away.

Town fathers know his passion for unlikely cornerstones. Lawyers like to have him around while converting personal property of estates into cash. Local libraries and historical societies find him not only a convenient man to swap with, but a godsend around house-cleaning time.

WARSHAW admits his profit is terrific. He seldom spends more than five dollars for a lot which may contain hundreds of items. But he is in a business where profit must be high because the risks are astronomical and the inventory a nightmare. Out of thousands of old papers he may carry away for a dollar, there may be only one which seems immediately salable. But first he has to find the client.

If the corporate name is still listed in directories of business, it is easy enough. But usually the business has gone through so many changes that it is difficult to discover the current client. This is where Warshaw uses his jungle of miscellaneous information on the genealogy of American enterprise. He has only one price, he tells customers—the highest. He needs it, because he figures he is doing well if he turns over five per cent of what he buys.

The remaining 95 per cent is a

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gold mine for historians. R. H. Macy was long regarded as the first merchant to sell wares in separate departments until Warshaw produced a circular of W. Hitchcock & Co., London, 1839, itemizing twelve departments. Joseph N. Kane of "Famous First Facts" is a neighbor of Warshaw's who has used his collection so often in fixing firsts that he has come to regard it as Kane's Warehouse.

The U. S. became the world's largest consumer of manufactured goods because ingenious advertising men created the mass market which made the assembly line possible. Warshaw is able to reconstruct their story from the advertising material which has survived several generations of tidy housewives. But a well-documented history of promotion is only one of the projects which wait upon a comprehensive compilation of ephemeral material. Almost as much of the cultural history of the past century can be illustrated from histories of packaging, lithography and printing arts.

Ralph M. Hower, professor of business history at Harvard, has recommended that the Warshaw Collection be purchased and indexed by Baker Library. He regards Warshaw's unsold inventory as a treasure of evidence on such topics as specialization, diversification and integration of business firms and the location of trade and industry. "The merit of the collection," he concludes, "is that it contains thousands of useful clues difficult to obtain elsewhere."

Thus Warshaw's belief that the history of America is the history of American business is at last attracting attention from the professors. Some day his clues and many more like them will go into the archives, so that scholars of the year 2500 will have no cause to complain that the best cultural evidence of our era was thrown out with the trash.

Easy . . . When You Know How

THE PEOPLE listed below work in one office. Listed in the right-hand column, but not in proper order, are the positions held in the office. With the clues provided, can you fit the right person to the right job?

Mr. Brown	Manager
Mr. O'Shaughnessy	Assistant Manager
Miss Gordon	Cashier
Mrs. Johnson	Stenographer
Mr. Fineburg	Teller
Miss Gibson	Clerk

The Assistant Manager is the Manager's grandson. The Cashier is the Stenographer's son-in-law. Mr. Brown is a bachelor. Mr. Fineburg is 25 years old. Miss Gordon is the Teller's step-sister. Mr. O'Shaughnessy is a neighbor of the Manager.

You will find the solution on page 140.

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Picture Story

STRANGE INDIANS of the NORTHWEST

Along the coast of northwestern America, from Washington to Alaska, there live many tribes of little-known Indians—people called Salish, Kwakiutl and Nootka, who still preserve their centuries-old culture. With pride the editors of Coronet present four paintings by John Clymer, an American who spent many years among these Indians recording the gentle atmosphere in which their children are raised.

MEDICINE MAN WITH RAVEN MASK

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When the Wild Flowers Bloom

IN THE VAST and sparsely inhabited Yukon Territory of Canada, just south of Alaska, summer begins about the middle of May. It is a warm and pleasant season. The winters are usually hard and cold, with temperatures sinking to fifty and sixty degrees below zero. During the winter the Indians of this region live in tightly closed hide huts or in earthen houses, the women attending to handicrafts and the men coming out only to hunt or fish. When summer returns, wild flowers brighten the landscape, birds flick across the skies, and fox and marten, wolf and bear roam the woods again. Then, Indian mothers bring their infants out to show them that the world is more than semi-darkness in a smoke-filled hut. The child learns, sitting in the sun and breathing the fresh air, that the world is bright and good, and even in these rocky wilds, abundant enough for growth and strength.

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Where the Salmon Is Sacred

For the Indians who live farther south in British Columbia or on Vancouver Island, living is somewhat easier, for here salmon and other seafood are plentiful. Because the salmon means so much to the welfare of most of these Indians, they consider it a sacred, god-given food; and, for reasons lost in antiquity, twins born to some of their tribes are thought to have the power to call these fish into the traps. But twins, nevertheless, are hardly cared for with greater solicitude than the other children of the tribes. All children are taught to swim, and from an early age must arise at dawn each day to plunge into the cold, coastal waters. The lesson of walking is most important in this region, for sturdy feet and legs are valuable assets both for boys who must run with the hunters, and for girls who must pick their way over rocky paths to the places where the sweet, edible berries grow.

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When Death Was Made

GATHERED around an aging storyteller in the shadow of the totem pole, Salish Indian children hear the ageless tribal stories of the manlike animals who are their gods. Of these, the Raven and Coyote are favorites, and the Raven's image appears on the headdresses and masks of medicine men. It was the Raven and Coyote who created death when Raven, with the cold wisdom of a god, proclaimed that men must die so that the world would not be overcrowded and there would be enough for everyone to eat. But Coyote did not like the thought of death, and it was only after much argument that they compromised. Then the Raven ordained that death should be the lot of men until they were good enough to deserve eternal life. Hearing this fascinating story, the Indian children take it to their hearts and keep it with them always as a never-fading hope for immortality.

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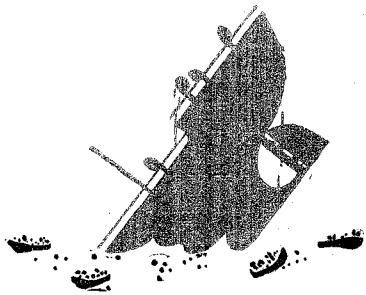
How an iceberg's jagged claw sent a proud, "unsinkable" ship to the bottom of the Atlantic

The Sinking of an Ocean Queen

by Hanson W. Baldwin



The White Star Liner *Titanic* sailed from Southampton on her maiden voyage to New York on April 10, 1912. She was not only the largest ship afloat but also the safest. Her builders had given her double bottoms and divided her hull into 16 watertight compartments which made her, men thought, unsinkable. She had been built to be a gigantic lifeboat.

There was little fuss and fanfare at her sailing; but her departure from England, though quiet, was not wholly uneventful. As the liner moved slowly toward the end of her dock, the surge of her passing sucked away from the quay the *New York*, moored just seaward of the *Titanic's* berth. There were sharp cracks as the *New York's* mooring lines parted. The liner swung toward the *Titanic's* bow, then was checked and dragged back to the dock barely in time to avert a collision.

On board the *Titanic* were 2,201 persons—men, women and children. Occupying the Empire bedrooms and Georgian suites of the first-class accommodations were many well-known men and women, among them J. Bruce Ismay, chairman and managing director of the White Star Line. And down in the steerage were 706 immigrants to the land of promise.

The third day out, Sunday, dawned fair and clear. In the Marconi cabin, Second Operator Harold Bride, earphones clamped, was figuring accounts; he did not stop to answer when he heard the nearby liner *Californian* calling the *Titanic*. The *Californian* had some message about three icebergs; he didn't bother to jot it down.

About 1:42 p.m. the wireless spoke again across the water. It was the *Baltic* calling the *Titanic*, warning her of ice on the Atlantic steamer tracks. Bride took the message down and passed it on to the *Titanic's* bearded master, Capt. E. C. Smith.

It was lunch time; the captain, walking along the promenade deck, saw Mr. Ismay, stopped and handed him the message without comment. Ismay read it, stuffed it in his pocket, told two ladies about the icebergs and resumed his walk.

Dinner that night in the Jacob-

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ean dining room was gay. It was bitter on deck but the night was calm and clear; the sky was studded with stars twinkling coldly. On the bridge Second Officer Lightoller was relieved at 10 o'clock by First Officer Murdoch. By that time at least five wireless ice warnings had reached the ship; lookouts had been cautioned to be alert: officers expected to reach the field any time after 9:30 p.m.

The steerage was long since quiet; in the first- and second-class cabins lights were going out; people were asleep. Murdoch paced the bridge, peering over the water, unruffled in the starlit darkness. The ship was a great, fast-moving shadow, with here and there a last winking light. Ahead lay a cold and silent sea.

There was a sudden clang as the great ship's bell struck out 11:30. In the crow's-nest, lookout Frederick Fleet, mindful of the previous warnings, strained his eyes, searching the darkness for dreaded ice. But there were only the stars and the sea.

In the wireless room, where First Operator Phillips had relieved Bride, the buzz of the *Californian's* set again crackled into the earphones:

Californian: Say, old man, we are stuck here, surrounded by ice.

Titanic: Shut up, shut up; keep out. I am talking to Cape Race; *you are jamming my signals.*

It was 11:40.

Then suddenly out of the dark it came—a vast, white, monstrous shape, directly in the *Titanic's* path. For a moment Fleet doubted his eyes. But it was deadly reality. Frantically he struck three bells—*something dead ahead.* He snatched the telephone and excitedly called the bridge: "Iceberg! Right ahead!"

There was a slight shock, a brief scraping, a small list to port. Shell ice—slabs and chunks of it—fell on the foredeck. Slowly the *Titanic* stopped.

Captain Smith hurried out of his cabin. "What has the ship struck?"

Murdoch answered: "An iceberg, sir. I hard-astarboarded her and reversed the engines. I have closed the watertight doors."

A few lights switched on in the first and second cabins; sleepy passengers peered through portholes; one casually asked a steward: "Why have we stopped?"

"I don't know, sir, but I don't suppose it's anything much."

But far below, in the forward holds and boiler rooms, men could see that the *Titanic's* hurt was mortal. In No. 6 boiler room, water was pouring through a great gash two feet above the floor plates. The ship was open to the sea. In ten seconds the iceberg's jagged claw had ripped a 300-foot slash in the bottom of the unsinkable *Titanic.*

On deck, in corridor and stateroom, life flowed again. Men, women and children awoke and asked questions; orders were given to uncover the lifeboats. But the passengers—most of them—did not know that the *Titanic* was sinking. The shock of the collision had been so slight that some were not awakened; the night was too calm, too beautiful, to think of death at sea.

Captain Smith ran to the door of the radio shack. Bride, partly dressed, eyes dulled with sleep, was standing behind Phillips, waiting.

"Send the call for assistance."

The blue spark danced: "CQD—

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CQD—CQD—CQD—Sinking!" Miles away Marconi men heard.

The *Carpathia* radioed, "Coming hard." The CQD changed the course of many ships—but not of one; the operator of the nearby *Californian* had just put down his earphones and turned in.

The sea was surging into the *Titanic's* hull. At 12:20 the lifeboats were swung out—slowly—for deckhands were late in reaching their stations, there had been no boat drill, many of the crew did not know to what boats they were assigned.

12:30 a.m. The word is passed: "Women and children in the boats." Stewards finish waking passengers below; life-preservers are tied on; some men smile at the precaution. "The *Titanic* is unsinkable."

12:45 a.m. Murdoch, eyes tragic but otherwise calm and cool, orders boat No. 7 lowered. The women hang back, they want no boat ride on an ice-strewn sea; surely the *Titanic* will not sink! The men encourage them, explain that this is just a precautionary measure: "We'll see you again at breakfast." No. 8 is lowered, and No. 5. Then No. 6 goes over the side. There are only 28 people in a lifeboat with a capacity of 65.

A sudden sharp hiss—a flare streaks high against the night. It explodes and a parachute of white stars lights up the icy sea. "God! Rockets!" The band plays ragtime.

1 a.m. The boats are more heavily loaded now, for the passengers know the *Titanic* is sinking. Women cling to each other and sob. Half-filled boats are ordered to come alongside the cargo ports and take on more passengers; but the ports are never opened and boats are never filled.

The water rises and the band plays ragtime.

1:30 a.m. As one boat is lowered an officer fires his gun along the ship's side to stop a rush from the lower decks. A woman tries to take her Great Dane into a boat with her; she is refused and steps out of the boat to die with her dog.

1:40 a.m. Mrs. Isador Straus puts her foot on the gunwale of a lifeboat, then goes back to her husband: "We have been together many years; where you go I will go." Col. John Jacob Astor puts his bride in a lifeboat, steps back, taps cigarette on fingernail: "Good-bye, dearie; I'll join you later."

2 a.m. The great ship is dying now; her bow goes deeper, her stern higher, and still the band plays. In the radio shack Bride has slipped a lifejacket about Phillips as the first operator sits hunched over his key, sending, still sending—"41-46 N., 50-14 W. CQD—CQD—SOS—."

The captain's tired white face appears at the radio door: "Men, you have done your full duty. You can do no more. Now it's every man for himself." The captain disappears—

Hanson W. Baldwin, author and military analyst, is equally at home on land or sea. A graduate of the U.S. Naval Academy, he resigned from the Navy after seven years to become a newspaperman. Since 1937 he has been military editor of the New York *Times*, for whom he has covered Army and Navy maneuvers throughout the world. Baldwin is the author of several books and has written extensively for national magazines. This article is taken from his book, *Admiral Death*, published at $2.50 by Simon & Schuster, New York, N.Y.

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back to his sinking bridge. The spark dances on.

2:10 a.m. In the gymnasium on the boat deck two gentlemen ride the bicycles and another swings casually at the punching bag. The band still plays, but not ragtime:

Nearer my God to Thee
Nearer to Thee. . . .

A few men take up the refrain; others kneel on the slanting decks to pray. The spark still signals and the lights still flare; the engineers are on the job.

People are leaping from decks into icy waters. A woman cries, "Oh, save me, save me!" A man answers, "Good lady, only God can save you now." Bandmaster Hartley calls for *Autumn* as the water curls about his feet, and the eight musicians brace themselves against the ship's slant.

God of Mercy and Compassion!
Look with pity on my pain. . . .

2:17 a.m. "CQ—" the *Virginian* hears a blurred CQ, then an abrupt stop. The blue spark dances no more. The lights flicker out.

The band plays in the darkness, the water lapping upwards:

Hold me up in mighty waters,
Keep my eyes on things above,
Righteousness, divine atonement,
Peace and everlast. . . .

The forward funnel snaps and crashes into the sea; the ship upends to 50, to 60 degrees. Down in the black abyss of the stokeholds, in the engine rooms where the dynamos have whirred at last to a stop, the stokers and the engineers are reeling against hot metal, the rising water clutching at their knees.

The *Titanic* stands on end, poised briefly for the plunge. Slowly she slides to her grave—slowly at first, then more quickly—quickly.

2:20 a.m. The greatest ship in the world has sunk. From the calm dark waters there goes up, in the white wake of her passing, "one long continuous moan."

The boats that the *Titanic* had launched pulled safely away from the sinking ship, pulled away from the screams that came from the lips of freezing men and women in the water. The boats were poorly manned and badly equipped—only a few were heavily loaded.

It was 4:10 when the *Carpathia* picked up the first boat and learned the *Titanic* had foundered. The last of the moaning cries had just died away. Captain Rostron took the 711 survivors aboard. It was then that the fleet of racing ships heard the *Carpathia* report the death of the *Titanic;* they were too late. It was soon afterward, when her radio operator put on his earphones, that the *Californian*, the ship that had been within sight as the *Titanic* sank, first learned of the disaster.

And it was then, in all its white-green majesty, that the *Titanic's* survivors saw the fatal iceberg, tinted with the sunrise, floating idly—pack-ice jammed about its base, other bergs heaving slowly nearby on the breast of the sea.

All men want to succeed. Some want to succeed so badly they're willing to work for it. —*The Welchman*

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The Sutton sisters, champions all, set a high standard of sportsmanship for a new generation

Sweethearts of Tennis

by KEITH MONROE

FOR THE LAST 25 years, at virtually every California tennis tourney, they've occupied a box near center court. Tennis fans will tell you—and they fervently hope it will come true—that the four grand old Sutton girls will occupy that same box for another 25 years.

The sisters look vigorous enough to fulfill the prediction. Two have black hair and the other two are gray-haired, but all four are tanned brown as teakwood. They sit up straight and carry their heads high. They watch every tennis match closely, like the experts they are, and if they admire a play they applaud hard, their smiles beaming with the radiance of California's sunshine.

The Sutton box invariably is a magnet for the dramatis personae of the colorful West Coast tournaments. The great stars always drift up for a chat with the Suttons—an unwritten proviso in tennis protocol since the days of Big Bill Tilden and Helen Wills. In the same spirit, the hopefuls and also-rans wander to the box, to receive encouragement or consolation the Suttons give unstintingly to all comers.

But the Suttons never go to a tournament to be part of the show. They go because they love the game. In their home town of Santa Monica they often stand beside some corner-lot tennis court, shouting enthusiastic advice to a youngster. Tennis is their life, as it has always been.

To understand their unique position, you need to go back to the 1890's when a retired British naval captain named Sutton was living in Pasadena. He had brought his wife and daughters from England; the girls were sturdy and rosy-cheeked, and they made friends with every American girl they met. One particular chum was Marion Jones, daughter of a retired U. S. Senator. Marion happened to like the latest craze—a game called "tennis."

So the Sutton girls, who also liked the game, played it with her, slapping at balls with gasps and shrieks. In those days tennis was a dignified contest, in which girls stayed on the back line and hit

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hopefully at balls within their reach. They did no running, because of ankle-length skirts and numerous petticoats.

Nevertheless the game became so popular that a Southern California tournament was organized and Marion Jones won it, while the Sutton girls watched admiringly from the sidelines. Then, in 1899, Violet Sutton decided to play in the tourney while Marion was in the East. Violet won, to the surprise of the spectators.

The next year Violet's younger sister, a plump child of 13 named May, showed up at the tournament and began belting balls with a forehand drive no one could handle. She won the championship without the loss of a set.

This was the first title won by a girl who was to become the most formidable player of her generation—perhaps of all time. She could play tennis like no other woman. She ran and jumped and smashed, packing a forehand wallop harder than most men's.

May always could beat her sisters, but no one else could. For 17 years there was a tradition: "It takes a Sutton to beat a Sutton." One or another won the Southern California championship every year from 1899 to 1917—Florence twice, Violet three times, Ethel four, and May eight. Meanwhile they were combining to take all the doubles trophies in sight.

VIOLET BECAME Mrs. Hope-Doeg and had six children, all tennis players of distinction. Ethel married Bert O. Bruce, noted tennis coach. May Sutton Bundy's children have been stars in tennis and football. Today there are a number of grandchildren, with the same round, cheerful faces and the same joy in strenuous exercise.

The whole family is brimming with health. Mrs. Bundy, who won her first championship in 1900, was still agile enough in 1928 to reach the quarter-finals at Wimbledon. All the sisters are in or near their sixties now, but they still play slam-bang tennis. Mrs. Bruce is the only one of the sisters whose husband is living; all four help to support themselves by coaching tennis in and around Santa Monica.

Several of their pupils have become stars, but the Suttons are less interested in producing champions than they are in teaching youngsters to have a good time on the courts. They dote on the pupil who "is no good at sports." They jolly him into forgetting his fear of looking awkward; exercise him until he has speed and stamina; then give him a set of smooth strokes with which he can enjoy tennis the rest of his life.

Florence Sutton was responsible for introducing tennis at the University of California at Los Angeles, first of many universities to adopt it. Years ago she walked into the office of UCLA provost Ernest Moore and urged him to allow coeds to take tennis as an elective in physical education.

"At first he laughed," Miss Sutton recalls with a twinkle in her brown eyes, "but I told him what tennis does for girls. It gives them nice figures, wears off fat and develops symmetry. It teaches self-control and sportsmanship. Finally I won Dr. Moore over."

The Suttons also are great ad-

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vocates of rope-skipping as an aid to youthfulness. A girl who jumps rope regularly, they say, will retain youthful, springy legs for years. Helen Wills and Alice Marble skipped rope religiously, and both became tennis champions.

GOOD SPORTSMANSHIP is something about which these four ex-champions feel deeply. "In our days we never minded getting beaten—if we'd done our best," they insist. "And to show annoyance during a match—well, it wasn't done."

This Sutton credo has had its effect on latter-day tennis stars. More than one champion in the midst of a court tantrum has glanced at the Sutton box, only to fall silent and resume play meekly. Mrs. Hope-Doeg would be looking at him coldly, Miss Sutton would be shaking her head sadly, Mrs. Bundy would be frowning angrily, Mrs. Bruce would be raising her eyebrows.

The combination of Sutton sportsmanship and will-to-win has created some unusual situations. Once, May reached the finals of a tournament in which the prize was a great cup of unusual beauty. It had to be won three consecutive times for permanent possession. May's opponent had won the two previous years, and wanted nothing on earth so much as to keep the cup permanently. May went to the umpire and said she was defaulting.

"I just don't feel like playing," she said calmly.

"That's not good sportsmanship, May," the official told her sternly. "Think what a hollow victory it will be for this other girl if she wins by default."

May went through with the match. As always, she played like an angry lioness and won 6-0, 6-0. If she'd been ill, she would never have considered defaulting. The Suttons have played in spite of lame ankles or burning fevers.

Champions come and go. Most are forgotten a few years after their dethronement. But there's something in the Suttons' character that has cast them in unparalleled roles. These four great-hearted ladies have left a tradition of friendship and courage that has permanently enriched the sport they love. Small wonder, then, that all over the tennis world the great and the small —even the spectators—like to look upon the four Suttons as the sweethearts of tennis.

It's the Sentimental Value

THIS NOTICE appeared in a recent personals column of an Alexandria, Virginia, newspaper:

"If the burglar who stole the alcohol in a glass jar out of my garage will return my grandfather's appendix, no questions will be asked." —WALTER BARNES

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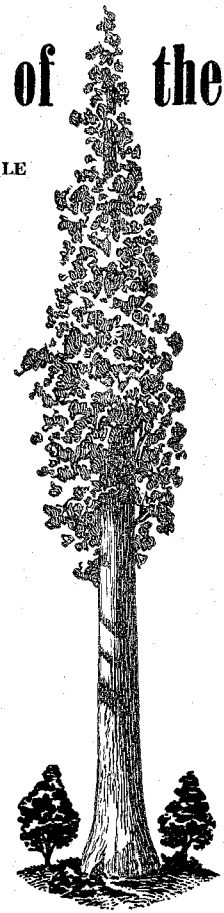
There's a strange air of other days in the soaring majesty of these magnificent trees

Cathedral of the Redwoods

by EDWIN WAY TEALE



MY COMPANION on that trip up the California coast had traveled around the world. He had seen the Taj Mahal, the Pyramids, the Louvre, the Parthenon in Greece. He had met famous people: he had made a fortune and was himself known to millions of Americans.

Yet as we rode north that day he told me there was just one thing in the world he still wanted to see. That thing was a tree. Not an ordinary tree, but a redwood tree. The oldest living thing on earth, it possessed what he had been unable to obtain from life—more of life itself. It stood out sharply in the mind of my companion as a symbol of longevity and, in the twilight of his fruitful career, he wanted to see it.

The road ahead of us appeared strangely red as we neared a grove of these great trees. The embankments were red. The dust on the roadside leaves was red. Our car descended into a little meadow bounded on one side by a mountain brook. We walked across a plank bridge and entered the high green silence of a forest edge; we were in the cathedral of the redwoods.

Even the most empty-headed and garrulous person would fall silent and thoughtful before the soaring majesty of the redwoods. More than half a hundred generations of human beings had succeeded each other on earth while these trees had lived on with scarcely a change in their outward form. The same roots had drawn nourishment from this same ground for hundreds of years before the Vikings sailed for Vineland or Columbus left the shores of Castile, or King John affixed his seal to the Magna Charta at Runnymede. Some of the magnificent redwoods around us towered as high as a 25-story skyscraper and some of them were already seedlings before the birth of Christ.

These trees of the California

Excerpted from the book *The Lost Woods*, published at $4 by Dodd, Mead & Company, New York, N. Y.; copyright 1945 by Edwin Way Teale

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coast, the *Sequoia sempervirens*, are—with *Sequoia gigantea*, the Big Tree of the interior—the last survivors of a race that once extended throughout the Northern Hemisphere. Redwoods once grew in Europe, in China, in the Arctic tundra, among the mountains of New Hampshire. Now they are native nowhere else on earth except along the north Pacific coast.

Scientists have calculated the weight of one huge redwood at 1,700 tons. To reach the upper twigs the sap requires a pressure of nearly 100 pounds to the square inch. Yet such a forest mammoth begins with a seed so small it takes nearly 5,000 of them to weigh one pound. The great trees that develop from such tiny beginnings have unique qualities that help them endure. No other cells known to botany have as high a ratio of length of life to growing period as the cells of the redwood. They live as long as 4,000 times the period required for them to reach their full growth.

Even after a redwood trunk has fallen to the ground, it resists decay to an amazing degree. In Humboldt County, California, a redwood trunk was discovered buried deep in forest mold. Trees growing above it indicated it had been lying there for at least three centuries. Yet when lumbermen cut into the buried redwood log they found no sign of rot.

Insects are no menace to the redwoods and forest fires do little damage. The cinnamon-brown bark of the trees is fire-resistant, sheathing their trunks in a living firewall two feet thick. The wood itself is also slow to ignite. During the great San Francisco fire, the flames in almost every case were halted at streets where the houses were fronted with redwood.

This created a demand for redwood siding, shingles and trim that acted as an added stimulus for cutting the great trees. Irreplaceable groves were felled. It was not until 1918 that the Save-the-Redwoods League was formed and began its effective work of preserving true Cathedrals of the Open for posterity. But by then almost a third of the redwood belt, the last stand of these magnificent trees, had been cut over.

Even today, new discoveries of the laboratory and new applications for the peculiar products of the redwood are providing additional incentives for destruction. Fibers of the bark, long-lived and resistant to fire and moisture, are not only valuable for insulation but are being woven with wool into lightweight blankets and clothing. Automobile steering wheels have been produced from redwood waste and, in 1943, scientists of the Institute of Paper Chemistry reported that, from chemicals obtained from redwood trees, they had produced a new thermoplastic which was expected to replace hard rubber in many applications.

WHETHER THE GROVE that we visited was protected or not, I do not know. I doubt if I could find it on the map. It is, in itself, a kind of Lost Woods. Its location is vague in my mind; but its image is indelible in my memory.

As we walked about among the immense columns—columns that rose through a gray-green twilight

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until they disappeared in the clouds of the upper branches—we talked in low, hushed tones of the simple majesty of the great trees, of their long endurance. There is, as John Muir has pointed out, a strange air of other days about them. They are the same, century in and century out; they are life in its most permanent form.

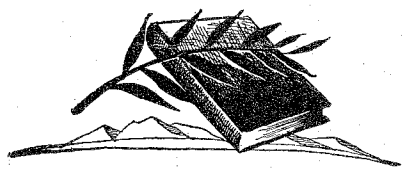
In the presence of the redwood's eternity, we feel a sense of unavoidable awe, just as we feel a sense of pity at the quick rush of the may fly's life-for-a-day. Somewhere between, but nearer to the may fly, is man himself. His three-score-and-ten years seem but a fleeting segment of time when viewed against the background of the redwood's cycle of life.

Yet one transitory shape of time, oddly out of place, appeared before us among the majestic trees. A gray-and-white kitten suddenly came into sight. It walked toward us, tail waving in the air. Unafraid, it rubbed against our legs and purred. Then it wandered off again through the forest.

Where it came from, we could only guess. The nearest house we saw was many miles away. In the immense setting of that mighty grove, the kitten appeared ephemeral, a tiny and evanescent spark of life, a fleeting vision of mortality among the nearly immortal redwood trees.

We watched the kitten go. My friend looked up at the redwoods for a long time. Then he turned silently and walked back across the bridge of planks. Silently he climbed into his long black car and his chauffeur started the engine. We rode for miles without speaking a word.

Books in Memory of



AFTER HAVING SEEN thousands of dollars' worth of funeral flowers blister in summer and freeze in winter, R. B. Louden of Fairfield, Iowa, was dismayed. Surely, he thought, there must be some better way of honoring the dead.

When another of his friends died soon afterward, Louden had decided what that better way was. Instead of sending flowers, he bought a book which he felt sure the friend would have liked, wrote a memorial inscription in it, and presented the volume to the Fairfield library. He then told the bereaved family what he had done.

Before long the memorial book idea gained momentum as others followed Louden's example. As a result, both city and college libraries in Fairfield have been immeasurably enriched by books contributed in tribute to loved ones who have passed on. —W. E. GOLDEN

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Game Book

You Wouldn't Believe It! with Bing Crosby as Guest Editor

"They tell me most Americans are credulous people," says Bing Crosby. "They'll believe whatever they're told. Well, it may be true—but I'm as American as they come, and I'm a chronic doubter." So der Bingle made up a list of statements most Americans are said to believe. Some of the statements they should believe, because they're true; others are just hearsay and have no foundation in fact. Which is which? Take your choice, then check with page 87. Counting five points for each correct answer, you should get 65 to pass; 80 is excellent, 100 perfect.

1. No one can tell the sex of an unborn baby.
2. A low forehead is a sign of inferior intelligence.
3. A well-dressed man does not wear brown shoes with a blue suit.
4. Nervous breakdowns result from overwork, worry, or grief.
5. There are only five senses—sight, hearing, taste, smell and touch.
6. Gold is impervious to all acids.
7. Hair cannot be grown on a bald head.
8. A receding chin always indicates a timid soul.
9. It is easier to swim in sea water than in fresh water.
10. There is no available substance which a diamond will not cut.
11. Water drawn from a hot-water faucet should not be used for making coffee or tea.
12. Savages have better eyesight than civilized people.
13. It is possible to hypnotize a person against his will.
14. Edison invented the phonograph.
15. It is not safe to leave unused canned food in the can.
16. Night air is less healthful than day air.
17. The English cockney drops the letter *H* from some words and adds it to other words.
18. Eyestrain causes fatigue.
19. The slow learner absorbs more knowledge than the fast learner.
20. Staring at the back of a person's head makes him turn around.

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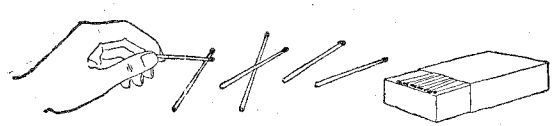
What's His Middle Name

Most people don't know that Bing Crosby's real name is Harry L. Crosby . . . and of those who go so far, how many know it's Harry *Lillis* Crosby? There are many celebrated people we know by a name and a middle initial. Below you'll find a group of them. Pick the middle name that seems to fit; if you get eight right, you're a good namer; ten right is very good, twelve or more is excellent. The answers are listed on page 87.

1. THOMAS Alva? Alvin? Albert? EDISON
2. HARRY Sugrue? Shippe? S.....? TRUMAN
3. HENRY Wattleigh? Wadsworth? William? LONGFELLOW
4. DWIGHT David? Drew? Dykes? EISENHOWER
5. CHARLES Arthur? Augustus? Angell? LINDBERGH
6. WARREN Gamaliel? Guthrie? Gates? HARDING
7. JOHN Luke? Lawrence? Lewis? SULLIVAN
8. JOHN David? Davison? Day? ROCKEFELLER
9. FRANKLIN Dewey? Deland? Delano? ROOSEVELT
10. PERCY Bysshe? Bradford? Byron? SHELLEY
11. WINSTON Spaith? Spencer? Seymour? CHURCHILL
12. ALFRED Emanuel? Eastman? Edward? SMITH
13. JOHN Landis? Llewellyn? Law? LEWIS
14. DOUGLAS Arthur? Bradford? . . .? MACARTHUR

Bing Crosby's Favorite Ice-Breaker

When conversation lags, try match tricks. One of my specialties is arranging six matches in a pattern so that every match touches the other five. After everyone has tried to do this, and failed, I calmly demonstrate how it is done—and collect my bet. Answer is given on page 87.



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Say It with Music

There are dozens of songs in which a question is asked—and answered—in the same song. Below is a selection of questions. You supply the answers. To give you a start, the answer to No. 1 is "Yes, my darling daughter." Bing's par for this quiz is 100 per cent, because songs are his business. As for you, counting five for each question, a score of 55 is passing, 70 or more is excellent, 85 or more is phenomenal. Answers are on page 87.

1. Mother, may I go out to swim?
2. Tell me, pretty maiden, are there any more at home like you?
3. Who stole my heart away?
4. How is dear Ireland, and how does she stand?
5. Do I worry?
6. Am I blue?
7. What is that that the breeze, as it mounts o'er the steep, as it fitfully blows half conceals, half discloses?
8. Did you ever hear Pete go tweet-tweet-tweet on his piccolo?
9. Who is Sylvia? What is she?
10. Who's that walking down the street?
11. Can it be the breeze that fills the trees with rare and magic perfume?
12. Shall we gather at the river?
13. Ding dong bell, pussy's in the well; who put her in?
14. Who's that knocking at my door?
15. A tisket, a tasket, a green and yellow basket . . . Was it red?
16. What, never?
17. What are the bugles blowing for? said Files-on-Parade.
18. Oh where, and oh where, is my highland laddie gone?
19. Where do we go from here, boys?
20. I joined the Navy to see the world, and what did I see?

How Well Do You Know the King's English?

Start with any letter. Move one square at a time in any direction until you've spelled out a common English word of four or more letters. For example, you can start with S in the upper right-hand corner and spell *skin*. Do not use proper names; do not form plurals by adding "s" to three-letter words. Par on this is 19 words in 30 minutes. Our word-list (page 87) has a total of 25 words; can you get more?

D	W	I	N	S
E	G	Z	K	G
L	J	Q	U	A
O	W	M	C	P
T	N	K	Y	R

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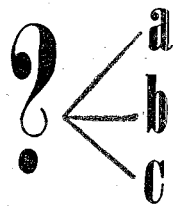


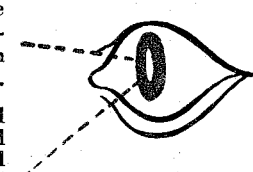
True to Type

Take your choice of the three suggested conclusions to each of the statements below. Only one of them is correct in each case, so it's up to you to arrive at the right conclusion. Of the ten statements, you should complete five of them correctly for an average score. You're good if you succeed in getting seven right, and a score of eight or more correct is excellent. Check your conclusions with the list of answers on opposite page.

1. A typical epithet is
   (*a*) Phooey
   (*b*) R. I. P.
   (*c*) Shorty
2. A typical mausoleum is
   (*a*) Notre Dame
   (*b*) Taj Mahal
   (*c*) Sphinx
3. A typical fratricide is
   (*a*) D. K. E.
   (*b*) Erle Stanley Gardner
   (*c*) Cain
4. A typical vitamin is
   (*a*) riboflavin
   (*b*) hormone
   (*c*) neutron
5. A typical palindrome is
   (*a*) bowl
   (*b*) saucer
   (*c*) level
6. A typical pachyderm is
   (*a*) panda
   (*b*) kangaroo
   (*c*) rhinoceros
7. A typical oratorio is
   (*a*) Messiah
   (*b*) Demosthenes
   (*c*) Coliseum
8. A typical simile is
   (*a*) as broad as it's long
   (*b*) as big as a house
   (*c*) as I do, so should you
9. A typical liqueur is
   (*a*) Curaçao
   (*b*) tokay
   (*c*) champagne
10. A typical plastic is
    (*a*) latex
    (*b*) plexiglas
    (*c*) magnesium

You're Apt To Miss This

Here is a chance to test your power of attention. The five lines below are supposed to consist of the letters n-u-i-l repeated over and over—but there are several mistakes. Can you spot them by reading the lines just once? See page 87.



1. nuilnuilnuilnuilnuilnuilnuilnuilnuilnuilnuilnuilnuil
2. nuilnuilnuilnuilnuilnulinuilnuilnuilnuilnuilnuilnuil
3. nuilnuilnuilnuilnuilnuilnuilnuilnuilnuilnuilnuilnuil
4. nuilunilnuilnuilnuilnuilnuilnuilnuilunilnuilnuilnuil
5. nulinuilnuilnuilnuilnuilnuilnuilnuilnuilnuilnuilnuil

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You Wouldn't Believe It!

1. True.
2. False.
3. False; with some shades of blue it is proper. *Esquire* has run pictures of such combinations.
4. False, unless there is a predisposition to such a breakdown.
5. True.
6. False; only to some.
7. True, for the present.
8. False; there is no necessary connection.
9. True; sea water is heavier, thus more buoyant.
10. False; it cannot cut carborundum.
11. False.
12. False; our eyes could be conditioned to the same selectivity.
13. False.
14. True.
15. False.
16. False.
17. True.
18. True.
19. False.
20. False.

What's His Middle Name?

1. Alva
2. The S. doesn't stand for anything, but the President adopted "Shippe," so that also counts as correct.
3. Wadsworth
4. David
5. Augustus
6. Gamaliel
7. Lawrence
8. Davison
9. Delano
10. Bysshe
11. Spencer
12. Emanuel
13. Llewellyn
14. None

Say It With Music

1. Yes, my darling daughter.
2. There are a few, kind sir.
3. You.
4. They're hanging men for the wearin' of the green.
5. You know gosh darn well I do.
6. Ain't the tears in these eyes telling you?
7. 'Tis the Star-Spangled Banner.
8. No.
9. Holy, fair and wise.
10. Yes, sir, that's my baby.
11. No, it's love in bloom.
12. Yes.
13. Little Johnny Green.
14. Barnacle Bill the Sailor.
15. No, no, no, no.
16. No, never . . . well, hardly ever.
17. To turn you out.
18. To fight the foe.
19. Anywhere from Harlem to a Jersey City pier.
20. I saw the sea.

How Well Do You Know the King's English?

acknowledging	gapy	knot	pack	town
akin	gink	know	puck	wing
caking	glow	ledging	quack	wink
dewing	jowl	lewd	quaking	wont
edging	king	muck	skin	zing

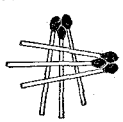
True to Type

1. (*c*) Shorty
2. (*b*) Taj Mahal
3. (*c*) Cain
4. (*a*) riboflavin
5. (*c*) level
6. (*c*) rhinoceros
7. (*a*) Messiah
8. (*b*) as big as a house
9. (*a*) Curaçao
10. (*b*) plexiglas

You're Apt To Miss This

There are errors in line 2 (6th group of four letters); line 4 (2nd and 10th groups); and line 5 (1st group).

Bing Crosby's Favorite Ice-Breaker



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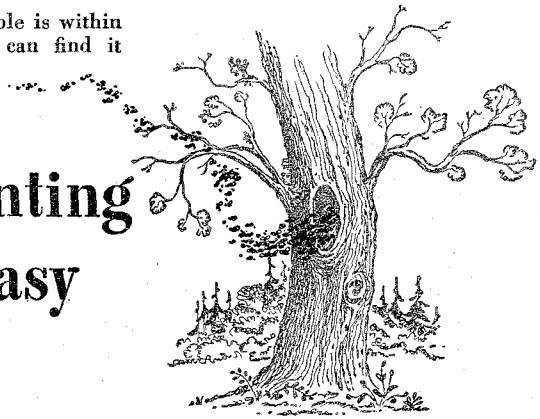
A delicious food fit for any table is within your reach; here's how you can find it



Bee Hunting Made Easy

by EDDY DRESSEN

IT'S ONLY surmise, but perhaps if there hadn't been a beekeeper among the hardy folk who stepped from the *Mayflower* onto Plymouth Rock, the colony would have failed. The Pilgrims had no sugar or saccharin—nothing except honey to sweeten the foods they ate. And their only source of honey was wild bees.

Oddly enough, wild honey is just as available today, and just as free, as any Pilgrim ever found it. One of the most delicate and delicious of all confections, it's a nourishing food to grace the table of anyone who will go out and seek it. And you don't have to hunt through thick brush and dense forests.

If you live in a village, town or on a farm, almost certainly wild bees are within easy reach. Nor are city people excluded. I live within the limits of a great city, and last summer wild bees were sipping nectar from my front-yard flowers. I traced them and found the hive in a hollow tree between two busy boulevards.

Bee hunting is neither complicated nor expensive. The first essential is a pair of good eyes. Then you'll need a bee box, a glass plate to cover it, a bit of honeycomb, a handkerchief, some oil of anise, an axe, a bread knife, a wooden paddle, a bellows and a couple of water pails. If you're afraid of stings, better play safe and equip yourself with a veil and a pair of gloves.

After the first frost is the best time to start looking for your bee tree. Wild bees work until the flowers are gone, and after a frost you can begin with any flower field that has survived. But first, you should be briefed on the habits and activities of one of nature's most fascinating insects.

A bee hive is not just a collection of insects but an organized, disciplined city presided over by a queen mother. In the colony will be from 80,000 to 100,000 workers, whose functions are varied, and up to 200 drones. Each bee has its own specialty, and the "mind" of the hive is the collective mind of all the bees therein.

Every morning before the workers stir—the queen's sole function

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is to lay eggs and the drones' to fertilize them—forager bees set out from the tree that you are hunting. They locate fields of flowers, and by some mysterious process communicate their finds to the workers. Yet the colony will concentrate on only one kind of flower one day. If buttercups and strawberries are simultaneously in bloom, the bees will collect from either but never from both.

On the hind legs of each worker is a pair of tiny cups surrounded by hairs. These enter the flower, and pollen clings to them. But the bees drink the sweet syrup in the bottom of the flowers, accepting it into the first of two stomachs. Apparently, if the bee is hungry, it can open a duct into the second stomach and take as much syrup as it needs. When the bee is loaded to capacity with pollen and syrup it starts back to the hives.

Meanwhile other bees, detailed for that express purpose, have remained in the hive to build honeycomb—the storeroom for the workers. They shape the hexagonal cells with their mandibles and build them with beeswax—a substance they secrete. If any worker is so loaded with nectar and pollen that it is impossible to get home, it is possible that one of still another detail might fly forth to help it, even sharing the load and carrying it to the hive.

THE TASK of the bee hunter is to intercept one of these workers, and that's where the handkerchief comes in. Bees have a keen sense of smell. Thus oil of anise holds a powerful attraction. Saturate your handkerchief and hang it above the tallest grass in the meadow you're covering. Sooner or later a bee will alight. Flick it into your small honey box, in the bottom of which is a bit of honey, and close the glass cover.

For a few minutes the insect may buzz angrily but before long it will discover the honey and settle down to work on it. When the bee has all it can carry, remove the glass and let it go. The bee will rise, circle several times, then set out in a straight line for his tree.

Follow it as far as you can with your eye and keep walking in that direction until no longer certain you're going correctly. Stop and hang up your handkerchief again. You'll soon attract another bee. Go farther up the line, and keep going. By some inexplicable power, the bees that have been in your box tell others what they've found. Then, by the time you're close to the tree you may have as many as 500 bees coming and going in a steady line. Follow the line until you come to the tree.

Now you have to cut the tree. But before getting out the axe, it's best to climb the trunk and use your bellows to puff a little smoke into the bee hole. Then cut the tree down as skillfully as you can. A smashed tree means honey all over the place. Also, until you have felled a few bee trees, wear your veil and gloves.

Don't expect a bonanza in every tree. Once I watched a bear climb a pine stub, rip open the honey and feast. After he had gone, the remaining bees moved upward and began anew. We decided, when fall came, to fell the stub ourselves. But the honey was tainted, and we

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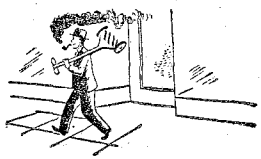
never knew what made it so. Perhaps pine pitch.

After felling the tree, use your axe to cut deeply above and below where you think the honey may be, and pry out the section. Scrape the honey loose with your bread knife, collect it on the paddle and dump it into your pails. I've heard tales of how to take enough honey for yourself and leave enough for the bees. But even if one could judge accurately how much the bees need, the hive is open and winter will freeze it hard.

The next problem is the bees themselves. Scoop them with gloved hands into any container with a cover. Then carry them home and put them in a cold place—a woodshed, for instance, is a good spot. Give them honey to eat, and inform some beekeeper that you have a swarm to sell. One friend of mine sold nine in a single season, averaging $12 apiece.

There's one thing certain about wild honey. Once you've tasted it, once you've savored the delicious essence of wild flowers, the tame product will forever after seem just what the name implies—tame.

Peace, It's Wonderful!



Mr. L. A. Bumpkin, Manager
Bumpkin's Greater Department Store

DEAR SIR:

Excuse me for bothering you, because now that reconversion is here I know you are busy again with your golf and afternoon pinball workouts. But there is a little matter I would like to call to your attention. Your sudden return to normalcy has made shopping a frightening experience for me, and I am sure other customers must share my nightmare.

During the war, shopping was easy. I merely went into your store with an open mind and bought what I could find. Now clerks are asking embarrassing questions about colors, sizes and models. A shopping trip must be carefully planned and executed with split-second precision.

The other day I needed a wick and some fluid for my lighter, so I went to your tobacco shop (first floor, right—and eyes front as you pass through the lingerie department). Suddenly one of your clerks jumped out and asked. "What can I do for you, *Sir?*"

For the last five years I have been accustomed to waiting at least an hour before a clerk gave me the nod. So I forgot completely that I wanted a wick and some fluid. Yet not wishing to sabotage this old-time speed-up system, I glanced at the first display I saw and soon was walking out of the store with a $7.50 pipe. I have never smoked a pipe.

I didn't recover until I was back in my car. Then I paid a quarter to re-park and decided to try again. This time I executed a flanking movement (a short cut through hosiery) and kept a wary eye. But another clerk sneaked up behind and gave me that "What can I do for you, *Sir*" business again. This time I left with a humidor.

Honestly, I need a wick and some lighter fluid. May I ask if you fill mail orders?

Your perplexed customer
WALTER STEIGLEMAN

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How the Swedish Nightingale wrote a brilliant chapter of musical history

The Fabulous Career of Jenny Lind

by M. R. WERNER

IN THE SAGAS of artistic and dramatic triumphs, the story of Jenny Lind, the fabled singer, is unique. Her career spins a tale of one of the world's great furors; its spread was so wide and its legends so exalted that even today we who never heard her voice know the magic name of Jenny Lind.

Before coming to the United States, she was known throughout Europe as "The Swedish Nightingale." There her career was a series of unbroken triumphs. Never called "beautiful," her most ardent admirers admitted she was plain and confined their raptures to her voice. Yet this thin, pale young singer who looked like a shy country schoolgirl was accepted by kings and queens, critics and composers, as soon as she opened her mouth. Praise of her personality and praise of her voice were equal, and it was that combination which no other singer has ever surpassed.

Jenny Lind was born in Stockholm in 1820 and christened Johanna Maria Lind. At the age of nine, when her mother was compelled to take a job as governess, Jenny was cared for by her grandmother. One morning the maid of a dancer at the Royal Opera House heard the child singing, and reported the phenomenal voice to her mistress. The dancer pronounced young Jenny a genius: the singing-master of the Royal Theater proposed that the girl be taught singing and brought up at the expense of the government.

Thus, at the age of ten, she took parts in Royal Theater productions. At 17 she made her debut in opera, winning acclaim almost at once. By her twentieth year, Jenny was idolized both as a singer and an actress. The musicians of Sweden had no more to teach her and she decided to study abroad. But she reached this decision only after much soul-searching, for she believed it was wrong to aspire to fame, which was so hedged with temptation.

For ten months she studied in Paris but refused to sing in public. Paris she hated. It was too immoral, too frivolous, too selfish. So the next two years she spent in Sweden and Denmark. Then

Excerpted from the book *Barnum*, by M. R. Werner, published at $2.69 by Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York City; copyright by Harcourt, Brace

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Meyerbeer invited her to sing his operas in Germany. She accepted with reluctance, for she was terrified of strange audiences. But she became the rage of Berlin and of every city where she appeared.

There were mad rushes to get to her concerts, and frenzied efforts to catch a glimpse of her face. Ecstatic students unharnessed horses from her carriage and vied for the honor of drawing it through the streets. The fever also conquered musicians of such fame as Wagner, Chopin and Mendelssohn. The latter, reputedly in love with her, said: "She is as great an artist as ever lived; and the greatest I have known."

Yet all during her triumphal tour of the Continent and England, Jenny was homesick for Sweden. She was constantly plagued by anxiety and doubts—doubts which were a mixture of lack of self-confidence, pious preoccupations and moral repressions. She also feared losing the reputation she had already gained, for certain great artists did not share the popular mania. They found that what had been heralded as a phenomenon of the ages turned out to be only a kindly soul coupled with a lovely voice, who usually sang commonplace music.

On her return to Sweden she became engaged to Herr Julius Günther, an opera singer, but the betrothal was not happy. The repugnance which Jenny had always felt for the stage bred a feverish anxiety to be done with theatrical life. Yet when she discussed the matter with Herr Günther, he refused to give up the opera, and soon the engagement was ended.

On a second trip to her beloved Victorian England she met Capt. Claudius Harris of Her Majesty's Indian Service. He was fascinated by the Swedish Nightingale and she observed he had a "pure mind." But when Claudius sought to bind his betrothed in writing to leave the stage forever, she insisted on control of her own destiny and, incidentally, of her fortune. This last the captain declared "unscriptural." The engagement was off.

IMMEDIATELY AFTER this crisis she went to Germany for a rest. It was there that she first heard from P. T. Barnum, master American showman. His proposal for a concert tour of the United States came like a dispensation from heaven. The offer included a share in the profits and $1,000 for each concert.

Barnum arranged a farewell English tour before her departure for America. It was a series of frenzied triumphs and when she boarded the *Atlantic* in Liverpool, thousands were at the pier to bid her goodbye. The enthusiasm was unparalleled, and more of it was personal than artistic. Her charities had contributed to this effect, for she had sung many times for the benefit of hospitals and other institutions.

This was the state of the public mind about Jenny Lind when Barnum imported her. And he had taken steps to insure that this state of mind would be transplanted with her. Six months before her arrival he had begun to "work the press":

> Perhaps I may not make any money by this enterprise; but I assure you that if I knew I should not make a farthing, I would ratify the engagement, so anxious am I that the United

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States should be visited by a lady whose vocal powers have never been approached by those of any other human being . . .

She reserves the right to give charitable concerts whenever she thinks proper. Since her debut in England she has given to the poor from her own purse more than the whole amount which I have engaged to pay her.

It was this mention of Jenny's charities, used in every publicity notice Barnum wrote, that turned his speculation into success. During the period of her fame in America, she was known more as a Florence Nightingale than as "The Swedish Nightingale." As Barnum expressed it, "little did the public see of the hand that indirectly pulled at their heartstrings, preparatory to a relaxation of their purse-strings."

Almost all New York tried to welcome Jenny Lind on the morning of September 1, 1850. There were more than 30,000 at the dock and West Street was thronged for blocks. Two triumphal arches bearing the inscriptions "Welcome, Jenny Lind!" and "Welcome to America!" gave the impression that this was an official municipal greeting, although Barnum had arranged for both. As Jenny stepped down the gangplank the 30,000 swayed with excitement. The crowd made a dash to get nearer; men and women were trampled underfoot; many were injured. When the party finally arrived at the Irving House, police had to clear a passage through 5,000 people.

The crowd stayed outside all day, keeping up a howl of enthusiastic cheers. That night, the New York Musical Fund Society began an instrumental serenade. Musicians were escorted by 300 firemen in red shirts, bearing lighted torches. More than 20,000 watched, listened, cheered. Broadway was blocked, and spluttering torches revealed figures on roofs, in windows, hanging to lamp posts.

The Lind craze increased in frenzy. Merchants sent her articles named for her, and she conquered the kingdom of man when a cigar was called the "Jenny Lind." Barnum, realizing that his audiences would be larger than even he had hoped, hired Castle Garden which seated 10,000 people.

The evening of the concert came at last. There was a breathless moment when Jenny stepped onto the stage. Then the immense gathering rose to its feet and cheered as if for the founding of a republic. It was impossible to stop the riot of enthusiasm—the screaming, the shouting, the waving, the cheering.

Jenny stared with frightened blue eyes at the wild scene; she trembled and wavered in the first notes of her song. But soon she regained confidence and finished in loud and clear tones. Her last notes were drowned in the audience's appreciation: handkerchiefs waved, men cheered hoarsely.

AFTER HER DEBUT the newspapers were beside themselves with eulogy; but there was little comment on her voice. Those who ventured to criticize it found a certain coolness, which her champions called purity, and a lack of ardor, which her worshipers praised as absence of disgraceful passion. After the first few concerts the personal, popular enthusiasm increased.

It was a curious phase of the

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Jenny Lind mania that in cities which had not yet heard her sing the enthusiasm of other cities was always ridiculed. Boston laughed at New York, and Philadelphia scorned both until forced to listen to its own raptures. While Jenny Lind remained in a city, enthusiasm was unbounded, and on her concert tour throughout the country every audience lost its head and heart, as had New York.

The relationship between Jenny Lind and Barnum, however, did not wear well. Jenny hated crowds; to Barnum they were a delight and a necessity. She hated humbug; he called himself the "Prince of Humbugs." When she heard that a Bostonian had paid $625 for the first ticket to her concert there, she said, "What a fool!"

Matters reached a crisis in Philadelphia after her 93rd concert. The contract called for 100 but Barnum and Jenny agreed to cancel it immediately. The 93 concerts had yielded more than $700,000 in nine months. Of this amount the singer received, besides expenses, more than $200,000. Barnum's gross receipts after paying Jenny were $535,486. He never published what proportion of this was net profit, but his expenses probably reached $350,000.

Jenny Lind continued to give concerts after she and Barnum separated but without the same success, for the public was beginning to find her unrelieved perfection dull. When Otto Goldschmidt joined the concert party as pianist, he did not add to her popularity. Yet this serious young German, eight years younger than she, soon became the dominating force in her life. They were married at Boston in February, 1852.

After her marriage Jenny Lind gave a few concerts, but she was tired of public life and wished to return to Europe. Hence Mme. Otto Goldschmidt announced her farewell concert at Castle Garden on May 24, 1852. The receipts were $7,000; the receipts of the first concert in the same hall had been nearly $18,000. When her ship left, 2,000 people gathered at the dock in contrast to the 30,000 who had stormed to greet her.

The Goldschmidts settled in England, where without a pang of regret "The Swedish Nightingale" stilled her voice. In 1887, after suffering complete paralysis for five years, she died in her home at Malvern Hills. But long before her death, Barnum had made this pronouncement on her career: "It is a mistake to say the fame of Jenny Lind rested solely upon her ability to sing. She was a woman who would have been adored if she had had the voice of a crow."

Passage of Time

Boy, was that train slow! A couple of newlyweds got on the train in New York and, when they got to Niagara, their son carried their bags.
—Bob Hope

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Man's whims often take strange forms when he draws up his last will and testament

Strange Legacies

by JUANITA MILLS FEEDER

MAN'S WISHES and whimsies are reflected in his last will and testament. Heirs may have to be contortionists to locate wills, for they have been written on the under-step of a ladder and carved on the back of a turtle. An eccentric woman chose to have her will tattooed on her back. The starched apron of a hospital nurse was used in place of paper to record a will.

Recorded wills have run the gauntlet from that of Mrs. L. P. Oldham of Oklahoma City, who willed to her two daughters "my sunny disposition, my sense of fairness and my beautiful neck," to the will of Francis Reginald Lord of Australia, who left his widow one shilling "for tram fare to some place to drown herself."

God was not forgotten in the will of an eccentric woman who died in Cherokee County, North Carolina. She willed her estate to Him. To settle the estate a case was filed, naming God as a party thereof. A summons was issued and the sheriff went through the motions of trying to serve it. His report, filed with the probate court, stated: "After due and diligent search, God cannot be found in Cherokee County."

The earliest wills, dating back more than 2,000 years, were solemn records to perpetuate families and fortunes. Aristotle's will, made in 322 B.C., was scholarly. He appointed executors, named a guardian for his daughter, freed his female slaves and included directions for burial.

America's Revolutionary statesman, Gouveneur Morris, was a generous man. His widow was willed a sizable fortune, but the amount was to be doubled if she should remarry. Patrick Henry, on the other hand, ruled that in the event of remarriage his wife would get none of his estate.

George Washington wrote a will 25 pages long, appointing his wife Martha and six other persons as executors. With seven, he declared, he could be sure enough persons would survive to carry out all his provisions.

The Frenchman, Rabelais, was a humorist beyond the grave. His will: "I have nothing. I owe much. The rest I give to the poor." Oliver Wendell Holmes, the great American jurist, set a precedent by leaving a substantial part of his fortune to the U. S. Government.

Robert Louis Stevenson bequeathed his birthday to a friend who complained because hers fell on Christmas Day. But "if she did not use it properly, all rights pass to the President of the United States."

A cautious will was left by P. T.

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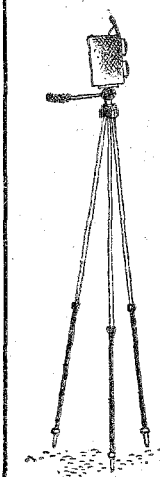
Barnum, the showman. One of the longest on record, it was printed in a 53-page pamphlet. Full instructions were included for the distribution of his fortune and maintenance of the famous circus.

Edgar Bergen's will, as filed at present, bears witness to his sentimental attachment for Charlie McCarthy. It bequeaths $10,000 to the Actors Fund of America, with the provision that the directors keep Charlie in good and serviceable condition. At least $500 a year is to be used to entertain children in orphanages and hospitals with ventriloquist acts in which Charlie is to be the dummy.

There was beauty in the will of Louis Pasteur, the French bacteriologist. "This is my testament. I leave to my wife all that the law permits a man to leave. May my children never be able to stray away from the track of duty and to keep always for their mother the tenderness that she deserves."

The privilege of making a will is denied to no man. Persons who die intestate, leaving no will, trust in the asps and the angels because all states have laws regulating the disposition of property. Yet, as one court ruled: "Every testator, by the law of the land, is at liberty to adopt his own nonsense in disposing of his property."

The considerate person makes a will. Libraries contain reliable books on sample wills, and banks and trust companies provide helpful counsel. The aid of a lawyer in drawing up a will usually guarantees reliable advice, with satisfaction for the maker and the heirs. So if a man will but transmute the riches of his mind and soul to paper, a will can become a proud servant, carrying forward its maker's wishes to posterity.



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3. They must be accompanied by return postage and packaging.

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...reat Famine

a year ago the
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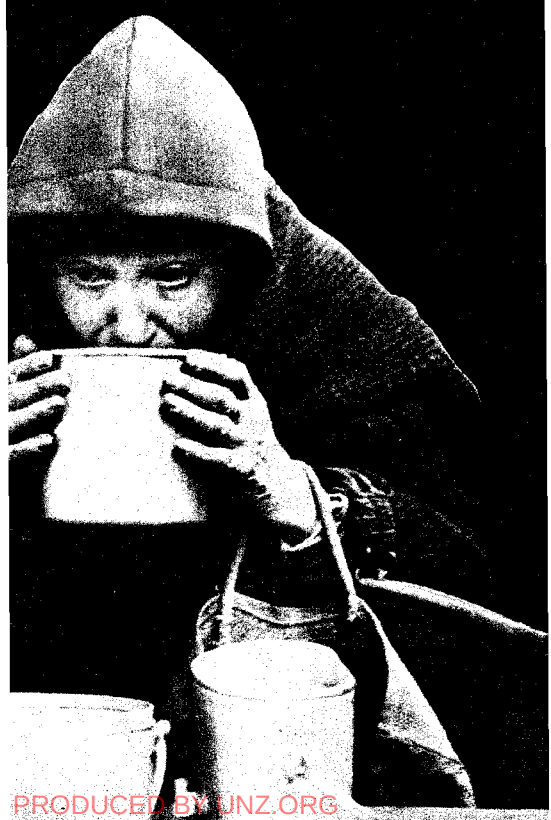
nore. It left a
orturing grip

of famine—famine for food, fa
for clothing, famine for shelter
medicine, famine for comfort
happiness. It left behind one o
most devastating famines in his
Coronet has brought together t
grim pictures not to frighte
shock you but to ask the ques
"Are we doing enough for t
who haven't enough?" Study t
pictures carefully and then de
what your answer must be.



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It tore their homes out of the earth, and the clothes off their backs. tore the light out of their eyes.

It left men and women to move about like restless ghosts, looking f

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It left children without security, without homes, without families . . .
with fearful dreams of emptiness and confusion.

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Today, in the proudest cities of the Old World, the streets and alleys

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Must we whose bodies have been starved to feed Nazi and Fascist murderers, must we fight again to live? Does the battle never end? Does life never smile?

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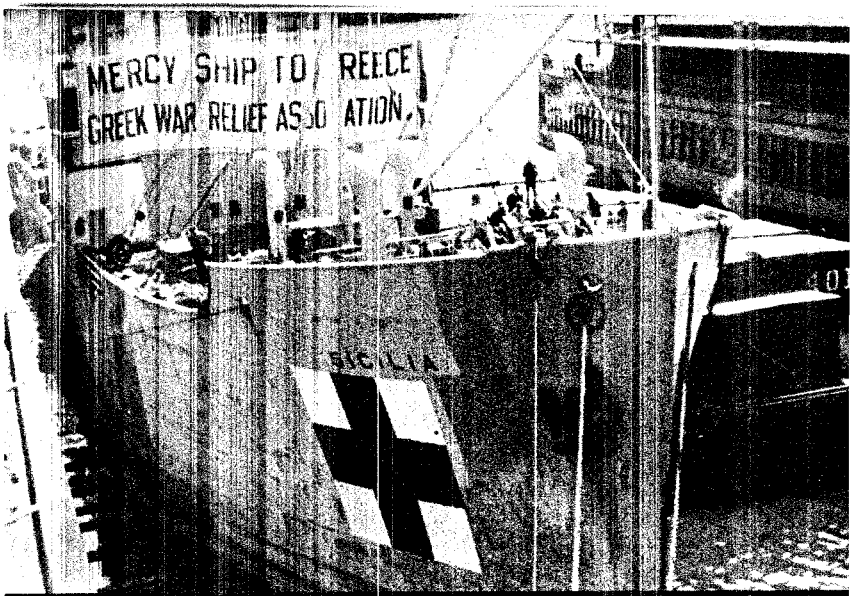

And out of America, out of the lands which survived devastation, t
come the beginnings of an answer . . .

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For a plundering enemy, determined to wreck a generation of children, left deep wounds, clotted with disaster. These must be healed . . .

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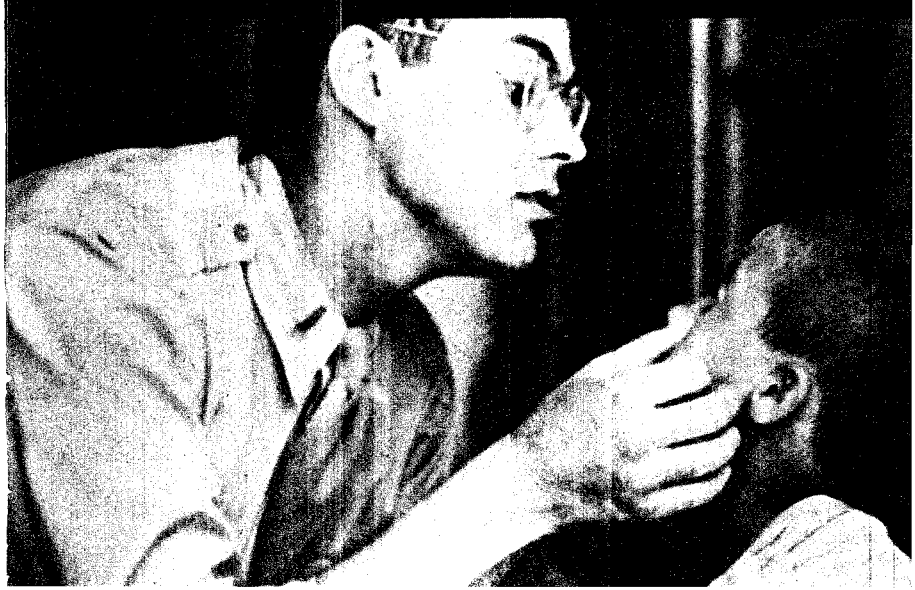
. . . only years of care and medicine can save the future for infants so starved that they seem unrelated to men . . .



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But it is not the end, it is only the beginning. And we must continue to share what we have with open hands, lest our hands be closed again in the bloody fist of war.

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For 50 years an amazing welfare organization has brought spiritual and physical comfort to all races and creeds

The Volunteers of America

by MICHAEL GRIFFIN

A HIGH-SCHOOL GIRL who had been jittery and nervous for days finally confessed a tragic secret to her parents. A youthful romance had gone too far: she was to become a mother. The tearful, terror-stricken girl begged forgiveness, pleaded for help.

Her well-to-do parents were frantic. Grief over their daughter's plight was overshadowed by fear of what might happen to her life. They lived in a small Connecticut community near New York and did not see how the scandal could be concealed from friends and neighbors. But they were determined that their daughter should have the baby.

In desperation they turned to the Volunteers of America. This organization, without quibble or delay, arranged to send the girl to a Texas maternity home operated by the Volunteers, one of six throughout the country. Then the parents let it be known that their daughter was going to spend a year in a Southern school.

At the maternity home the Volunteers provided tutoring so that the girl would not fall behind in school work. They even taught her something about acquiring a Southern accent. After the school year the girl returned home to resume her place in the community. And because neither parents nor girl saw any way of bringing the baby home without revealing the secret, the Volunteers arranged for adoption by a wealthy Texas family.

This is a case history out of the recent files of one of the most amazing welfare organizations in the country. The Volunteers of America, which celebrates its golden anniversary this year, was conceived a half-century ago as a religious-social organization to extend spiritual and physical aid to all persons, regardless of creed, race or color.

Founded by Gen. Ballington Booth and his wife, Maude Ballington Booth, the Volunteers today maintain centers in 160 cities. They also operate nine hospitals; 14 hospices where needy women may stay free of charge until they get a job; homes for elderly men and women; orphan homes and summer camps for children; transient homes where down-and-outers can get a free bed

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and meals, and religious counsel if they want it.

Workers for the Volunteers in these communities collect cast-off clothing which they renovate and give away. They also collect broken furniture, clocks, toys—anything which they can repair in their workshops and sell or donate. The men and women repairers are physically handicapped persons who thus are given a chance to earn extra money while preparing for a regular livelihood.

Another important function of the Volunteers is their Prison League, one of the world's largest religious-social agencies confined to aiding prisoners, ex-prisoners and their families. The League's employment agency, operated for ex-convicts alone, has aided and counseled more than 200,000 persons in the last 50 years.

In spite of a religious foundation, the Volunteers are strictly not an evangelistic outfit. The organization takes cases like that of the Connecticut girl in stride and never talks about sin and hell's fire. Because of that attitude, and because the Volunteers are not affiliated with any sect or group, the organization has had many social problems tossed into its lap.

During the depths of the Depression in Detroit, school attendance officers noticed a sharp increase in truancy. They discovered that the root of the trouble was lack of adequate clothing for children: the youngsters simply wouldn't go to school looking like scarecrows.

At first the schools tried to solve the problem by collecting cast-off clothing, but this plan failed. Then Frank Cody, city councilman who had been superintendent of schools, suggested the problem be handled on a systematic, city-wide basis. Col. Leo R. Kelly, in charge of the local Volunteer post, said his organization could handle the job.

Workers began a systematic collection of old clothing, then renovated and sorted it as to size. Nine centers were established where parents could apply for articles their children needed. Truancy declined immediately. Without a cent of official subsidy and operating solely on contributions, the Volunteers have helped to clothe 40,000 Detroit families in the last ten years.

In fact, the job has been done so successfully that it is now part of the school system. When a child with a previous absence record is absent for a day, an attendance officer is sent to investigate. If he finds that lack of clothing is the cause, he fills out a request order for the mother, who can take the child to a Volunteer distributing center where garments are available.

The Volunteers of America are not to be confused with the Salvation Army, although General Booth, a member of the Booth family which founded the latter, was once a leader of the Salvation Army in England and started the U. S. branch of the organization. When he came to America more than 60 years ago with his wife, he soon became known throughout the country as an inspirational preacher and received many calls to church pulpits.

General Booth, six feet tall with a deeply lined face and kindly eyes, had an abiding pity for the luckless people of the world. He was considering an offer from a large New

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York congregation when he was visited by a delegation headed by Chauncey Depew. The group proposed that General Booth and his wife start an organization which would bring a "spiritual influence to the lives of those who may not be reached through the channels of other religious agencies."

The Booths accepted the challenge and the Volunteers were incorporated in New York State in November, 1896. Of necessity the Booths held their first meetings in the poorer sections of Manhattan and Brooklyn, but hoodlums and even church groups looked scornfully on their open-air evangelism. Some 50 years ago, Maud Ballington Booth, a slim, handsome woman, was stoned on the streets of Brooklyn: But the Booths ignored persecution and soon their gray uniforms became familiar in the more neglected sections of New York.

The lack of cooperation from New Yorkers dismayed General Booth in the early days and led to the writing of his famous hymn, *The Cross Is Not Greater Than His Grace*. Col. Charles Booth, executive secretary of the Volunteers, clearly remembers the event. In the parlor of their Long Island cottage, General Booth, distraught and discouraged, sat at the organ, idly fingering the keys.

"I could hear him muttering," Colonel Booth recalls. "He said: 'The burden is too great.' Then he began to improvise chords and I could hear him chanting words. He turned to me with a triumphant light in his eyes and said: 'Son, it's a hymn'."

General Booth completed the hymn within the hour. In the next 50 years it had a profound effect upon millions of people. Homer Rodeheaver, most famous of the singing revivalists, says:

"Through the years I have heard it sung by congregations of all ages and stations. Hundreds of thousands of men, women and children know and love it."

THE WRITING OF THE HYMN seemed to mark a turning point in the affairs of the Volunteers, for since then the organization has steadily grown. Today it is an accepted part of Brooklyn, while the Houston Street post in Manhattan, just off the Bowery, is a haven for the down-and-out. Several times a week more than 300 men shuffle into the auditorium to hear a non-sectarian religious service. Many of them accept a free meal and articles of clothing.

Typical of the Volunteers' work is an incident that occurred last winter in Los Angeles. An Arkansas youth was picked up by police one night on Skid Row. His draft card showed he was 4-F. "Get into the car, kid," an officer said.

"But I haven't done anything," the frightened boy protested. "I'm just broke."

"This is no pinch, son. We'll take you to a place where they'll take care of you."

The boy was driven to the Volunteers post on South Los Angeles Street. There he signed a register, was assigned a room. The next day he got a free breakfast and had a talk with a Volunteer official. Two days later he was on a payroll. This boy from Arkansas was just one of the million persons who are annually helped by the Volunteers in Los Angeles.

The Volunteers are financed by

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contributions, by income from endowments, by philanthropic grants and, in many cities, by a share in municipal Community Funds. Last year they collected and disbursed more than $2,500,000; but nobody ever gets rich working for the Volunteers. It is strictly a labor of love.

One of the most heart-warming Volunteer activities is work done for the physically handicapped. Thousands of men and women have been given a new start in life after a crippling accident or illness. Take the case of big Jeff Lundigan, a truck driver of Los Angeles:

One night his freighter was sideswiped and overturned by another truck. Jeff came to in the hospital. His legs were useless: he could never drive again. Jeff brooded while his insurance money and savings disappeared. Then his wife thought of the Volunteers. A representative came to call but Jeff didn't want to talk. "I've never taken charity in my life," he snapped, "and I'm not going to start now."

The Volunteer agent said no charity was involved. He persuaded Jeff to come to the Volunteers' department for the physically handicapped, where men and women were busy repairing shoes, clocks, furniture—all the various articles the Volunteers collect.

They seemed happy and contented. They were earning a little money, rebuilding their confidence. Jeff took a job in the garage housing the Volunteer trucks. A natural mechanic, he found his legs did not prevent him from repairing motors. He was given expert instruction in repair work and today is owner of a flourishing repair shop in East Los Angeles.

Mrs. Booth, who survived the stones of Brooklyn hoodlums 50 years ago, is now 80, still a strikingly handsome woman with a mass of snow-white hair. When General Booth died in 1940, she was elected commander-in-chief. Last year she traveled 10,000 miles on various missions, but her chief interest is the Prison League, which she founded after being invited to speak to prisoners at Alcatraz and Sing Sing 50 years ago.

To thousands of prisoners and ex-prisoners throughout the land she is known as "The Little Mother." They write to her constantly. This is the type of accomplishment which brings real reward—the only reward asked by those who work in the Volunteers of America.

Candidate for Obscurity

THE OFFICIAL photographer at Pearl Harbor entered the Yard, loaded camera in hand, at the very moment that the Japanese planes came through the Koolaulao mists and loosed their fatal cargoes. But this photographer scrupulously refrained from taking a single picture on that day that history was made. His reason—and he had always taken great pride in his conformity to regulations—was that he didn't have an official order for the job! —CATHERINE CHRISTOPHER

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A spectacular new drug promises relief for the long-suffering victims of hay fever

Benadryl

New Conqueror of Allergy

by J. V. SHEPPARD

IN THIS AGE OF miracle drugs you can almost expect a cure-all pill with every package of breakfast food. But despite the discovery of sulfa drugs and penicillin, there remain a host of minor ailments which continue to make life miserable for many people.

Among these lesser plagues are allergic disorders, appearing as hay fever, asthma, hives, nasal irritations and certain headaches. Until recently there was little relief for those suffering from one of these bothersome maladies; but in the spring of 1945 a modest report in the University Hospital Bulletin of Ann Arbor revealed the first clinical use of a new drug which may be the answer to the prayers of countless sufferers from allergy.

The new drug has an impressive chemical name of 50 letters, mercifully condensed into "benadryl" for the layman. The University of Michigan and the Mayo Foundation have both conducted clinical tests with it during the past year. The results have been so spectacular that even conservative medical men have referred to benadryl's "dramatic" effects.

Who does not have an acquaintance periodically tormented with hay fever? Who has not thought: "If only he could stop sneezing and weeping long enough to catch his breath!" The promise of relief is now within reach of 75 per cent of such patients. In test after test, benadryl has minimized the symptoms of hay fever in minutes. It has proved equally effective in cases of chronic nasal congestion of allergic origin.

A woman patient was admitted to Mayo Clinic suffering from combined hay fever, allergic headache and severe hives. Any one of the ailments would be enough to irritate the average person; the three combined spelled torment. Imagine, then, the patient's joyful relief when all irritations promptly vanished with the first dose of benadryl.

Another young woman developed acute hives, edema and skin

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lesions after receiving large doses of penicillin for several months. Four minutes after an injection of benadryl, the itching and inflammation abated and the woman relaxed in grateful relief. The lesions rapidly cleared up, and by the following day her skin was virtually normal.

When benadryl first became available, 18 patients at Ann Arbor University Hospital were selected for clinical tests. All had severe cases of hives. Eleven were completely cured. Three experienced partial improvement. Four were not benefited. Although benadryl was not 100 per cent effective, its batting average was certainly high enough to put it in the "miracle" class.

Administration of benadryl, however, must be continued as long as symptoms recur, because the drug is only palliative, not curative. It does *not* do away with the patient's intrinsic sensitivity but does alleviate the symptoms of allergic reaction.

Allergies manifest themselves in a variety of forms. One triple-feature reaction is a syndrome of nasal irritation, pain in the head and neck muscles, and dizziness. Benadryl brings relief to at least 50 per cent of such unfortunate sufferers.

In treating children's allergic reactions, benadryl has also given gratifying results. The persistent itching of hives or the unremitting discomfort of hay fever is the cue for benadryl. Administration of the drug will often relieve the symptoms in a few minutes, or a few hours at most.

Serum sickness, another allergic reaction which takes much of the joy out of living, is especially likely to occur in children after they have received immunizing serum for diphtheria, scarlet fever or tetanus. In that small percentage of children sensitive to horse serum, the reaction can be violent and alarming. They may develop severe hives, accompanied by difficult breathing, palpitation and fever. In such cases, benadryl again has proved its worth.

BEHIND THE discovery of benadryl is the usual history of long, painstaking research. But in order to follow the investigators' line of reasoning, we should know the nature of allergies. Many individuals are sensitive to proteins which do not occur in the body. When one of these is eaten in food, inhaled as dust or pollen, or contacted in wool or feathers, an allergic reaction follows.

The exact mechanism of the reaction is not understood, but it is believed that the effects are brought on when histamine, a normal body chemical, is liberated from the tissues by a foreign protein. Its sudden release from an inert state causes violent reactions.

Believing that histamine was the immediate cause, research workers set out to find some counteracting drug. Through trial and error they tracked down a group of compounds known as benzhydryl ethers which seemed to have the desired effects. Then the long-suffering guinea pig was again drafted in the service of science.

Dr. Earl R. Loew and co-workers at the research laboratories of Parke, Davis & Company set out

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to test a variety of benzhydryl ether compounds to see which of them would protect the guinea pigs against histamine. Each drug was injected, and the animal was then placed in a glass jar. Histamine was sprayed into the jar with an atomizer.

The normal guinea pig would develop severe bronchial asthma and die in a few minutes. But those which received benzhydryl ethers were still chipper at the end of the test. Of 21 compounds tested, three were found to give good protection. And of these three, benadryl was finally selected as the most effective.

Benadryl has another characteristic which puts it in the "wonder" class: it is non-toxic. Many drugs which will cure a specific disease or counteract a pathological condition are injurious to the body when they are taken in large doses or used over long periods of time. Benadryl is different; it can be used day after day with no serious toxic effects.

Some patients complain of sleepiness, dizziness, dry mouth and nervousness while taking the drug, but these brief discomforts are of minor importance. What counts with the allergy sufferer is the fact that another drug has been added to the "miracle" list, thus making life much more enjoyable for thousands who, in the past, have suffered acutely from "incurable" ailments.

Street Scene

THE SETTING was the busy corner of Chicago's State and Madison streets. The time, the early morning shopping rush. Two blind young women, each with a Seeing Eye dog, stood preparing to cross the crowded thoroughfare. The traffic light flashed to green. The dogs alerted and tugged at their leashes. One young woman, apparently accustomed to her intelligent canine guide, walked steadfastly forward at his first tug. The other took one step forward, hesitated, then stopped. Miraculously a crowd of 25 to 30 persons clustered around her, no one saying a word in a group effort not to confuse her. A traffic policeman also hurried over and stood there, he, too, observing the silence.

Finally she relaxed. The dog started across. The two reached the center of the intersection when the green light changed to amber and then to red. Beside the girl tiptoed the silent traffic cop, one hand held high in the air to forewarn all traffic. Reaching the other side, the girl and her dog went on their way, the girl's confidence in herself and her animal guide supreme. She never knew.

—MARCIA WINN

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The old swimming hole deep in the woods cast a spell too strong for youth to resist

Pool of Enchantment

DEEP IN THE WOODS it lay, lazy and still—a pool of enchantment casting a spell far too strong for youth to resist. Sunlight filtered through the treetops, turning to gold a school of fish that floated just below the surface. Birds flew along the banks, unafraid; bees droned and butterflies danced, their wings flashing like burnished brass.

When you came back years later, irresistibly drawn by long-treasured memories, you were amazed to see how the old swimming hole had shrunk. Why it was only a tiny thing—muddy and sluggish and weed-grown. Yet in your mind's eye you still saw it as an unforgettable spot around which most of your childhood's summer days revolved. It recalled carefree hours when you trudged barefoot down a shadowy lane, keen and hungry for that first ecstatic plunge.

The years might have dimmed many memories; names and faces might have grown hazy and hard to recall. But the old swimming hole remained bright and fresh and clear. You remembered every turn, every tree along the path which drew you like a magnet to the water's edge.

At dawn and at nightfall, the pool was the abode of a placid forest silence. Then suddenly, of an afternoon, it would be invaded by half a dozen boys, who tossed off their clothes and stood for a few moments naked and a little shivery on the banks. Then one would climb up on the homemade springboard and take a header. Soon all of them would be splashing and shouting and roughhousing, as though the placid silence were an enemy to be frightened away.

Perhaps the country boy of yesterday was poor, as wealth is usually measured. But his life was so full of pleasant things, he did not realize anything was lacking. And, indeed, he had incalculable riches—freedom, fresh air and sunshine, bubbling health and spirits, miles of ever-changing landscape and, best of all, the old swimming hole. What did it matter if the water was sluggish and muddy? Who cared if your swimming stroke was little more than a dog-paddle? Stripped of clothes and of cares, you could splash and shout to heart's content.

When school was out you made a beeline for the pool, even if it meant sneaking away from chores around the home. If occasionally, upon return, you were given a half-hearted whipping for leaving tasks undone, it was all well worth while. And tomorrow, if it were possible, you'd be glad to sneak off again for another afternoon of sheer delight.

—BEN KARTMAN

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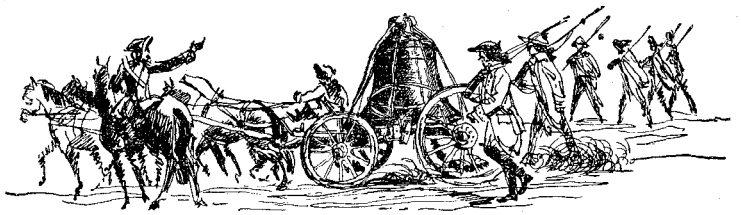

How the Liberty Bell Came to America

For more than eighty years, it rang full and brave to summon free men to the defense of a nation

by HOWARD FAST

IT WAS NO ACCIDENT that old Isaac Norris, Speaker of the Assembly in Philadelphia, chose the quotation he did. The Assembly had appropriated money for the State House. Often, when this dignified and elective body adjourned, the members would stroll over to that half-finished building which later came to be called Independence Hall, and stand there watching the carpenters and the bricklayers. Old Isaac would say:

"There is a building coming out of the sweat and toil of free men."

The wood—oak and chestnut—came from up the Delaware; even most of the bricks were home-kilned now in New Jersey. The old man did not think it impossible that a time would come, in the not too-distant future, when every stick, stone and iron nail for a house like this would be produced on American soil, by American hands.

The architectural plans for this building—the fine chamber, clean hallway, and lofty portico—were native. At a meeting of the Carpenters' guild, which Norris had attended, leather-aproned workingmen had pledged: ". . . a grain so fine, so splendid, so smooth as a woman's cheek, for a house wherein a body of liberty will sit . . ."

For that reason old Isaac Norris felt uneasy that the bell, which was to hang in the tall tower, would be imported from England. He was no lover of the ways of England. But it was pointed out to him—and rightly—that the British made good bells. Edward Warner and Thomas Leech, who were on the bell committee with him, stressed it was not so important where the bell was made as how it was made—not only for a good tone but to send a message that people would cock their ears to hear.

"Give it a brave verse around the side, and the bell will talk clear."

The committee decided the bell

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would have to be of such size that its voice could be heard not only in the city but in all the countryside thereabouts—which was not so difficult, if you consider that in 1751 Philadelphia was only a village of a few thousand souls. Still, the specifications called for a good deal of bell: a cloth yard from lip to crown, and a full 12 feet around the circumference.

"It should give out a clap like thunder," the committee wrote.

But to old Isaac Norris was left the job of finding a verse to make the voice clear and certain. Norris was a scholar, easy in Latin and French as well as English, and it might be that he delved through many scholarly tomes before he took up the Bible. He turned to Leviticus, as any one of his countrymen would have, for in those days they were a freedom-loving, stiff-necked people, and they put more stock in the Book than in the law of the British Empire. From Leviticus, old Isaac Norris chose:

"Proclaim liberty throughout all the land and unto all the inhabitants thereof."

It was a motto that met with the approval of plain people, although there were those who lived in fine houses who shook their heads and said it was a little strong, smacking of rebellion and dissatisfaction. But even then, when the bell was just an idea in the heads of the committee of three, people came to speak of it as a "liberty bell."

AFTER SEVERAL meetings the committee brought their plans back to the Assembly, and although a few of that august body swallowed over the motto, Leviticus was so irreproachable that 100 pounds in money was appropriated. The committee, however, drove a hard bargain, and the final cost was only 60 pounds, 14 shillings, 5 pence.

Finally, the tower was completed, the rocker rigged, and from day to day the people of Philadelphia awaited the arrival of the bell. By this time it was not just a bell, but *the* bell—the Liberty Bell. And then it arrived, was hoisted up to the tower amid great rejoicing, and fixed in place. And then, with the first clap of the knocker, it split wide open and went dead.

Without doubt there were some who had expected this. They said: "What else could you expect from a liberty bell wrought and cast and shipped by virtue of the British Empire?" Back down it came, to stand in front of the new State House, a lumpy and toneless hunk of metal.

This time, the committee listened to Isaac Norris. Instead of shipping the bell back to England, they handed it over to Charles Stow and John Pass, two solid Philadelphia Yankees who were in the iron-molding business.

Pass and Stow constructed a mold, melted down the metal, added some native copper to make it less brittle, and recast it. Back it went up to the tower.

More celebration, with rum, beer, and a mighty punch—and finally the bell was sounded. This time, a noise came out that was never heard before from a bell—a noise so wretched that Stow and Pass hung their heads in shame.

It was cast a third time, and when it was hauled into place for the third time there was no celebra-

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ion. Very soberly and very anxiously the citizens listened. At last it had the right kind of sound, a deep, vibrant, challenging ring which needed only a little imagination for transformation into the words:

"Proclaim liberty throughout all the land and unto all the inhabitants thereof."

The rest you know. On every occasion when liberty was threatened, it rang full and manfully. It sounded out for the Declaration of Independence. It summoned militia to the defense of the city during the Revolution. It tolled for the burning of the Capitol in the War of 1812. It rang vibrantly when the news came of Jackson's victory at New Orleans. It ominously announced the defeat of the infamous Hartford Plot.

Good news and bad—until, muffled, it began to toll the death of Chief Justice John Marshall. Then, suddenly, after more than eighty years of service, it split and the sound stopped.

They took it down and put it where all can see it and touch it. It still stands there, and if you put your hands to it and try, perhaps you'll hear the old tones of liberty.

Spectator to Tragedy

Robert Lincoln, son of Abraham Lincoln, was in the army when his father was President. A few short hours before his father's tragic assassination, the young man received orders to report to Washington. Robert arrived late in the evening, and was informed that his parents had gone to Ford's Theater. On entering the building, he was met by a group of men carrying out their President.

Milestones later, Robert Lincoln became Secretary of War during President Garfield's administration. The President had requested that he accompany him on a trip to Elberon, New Jersey, but urgent business necessitated Lincoln's remaining in Washington. Train time found Robert Lincoln hurrying to the depot to inform his chief of the fact. At the door of the building he was met by a group of men carrying their fatally wounded President, victim of assassin Charles J. Guiteau.

Twenty years passed. Robert Lincoln, ever mindful of tragedy stalking his footsteps, received another invitation. President McKinley requested the pleasure of his company at the Pan American Exposition.

Lincoln accepted, but with grave misgivings. At the door of the building, he was met by a group of men carrying President McKinley, a victim of assassin Leon Czolgosz!—Don Hubbard

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In their New York clubhouse, the elite of America's stamp fanciers pursue their hobby

Stamp Collectors' Heaven

by CLYDE F. NEWSTRAND

SOME PSYCHOLOGIST has undoubtedly written a treatise on why men collect stamps, but it's certain that members of the Collectors Club of New York City haven't read it. They wouldn't be interested—unless, say, it also contained news of the discovery of a second British Guiana one-cent error, a matter involving a mere $50,000.

For members of the Collectors Club are the elite among America's stamp fanciers. They count among their number captains of industry like Alfred Lichtenstein, head of the Ciba Company; financial leaders like A. H. Caspary, Wall Street broker; figures in the music world like Theodore Steinway, piano manufacturer; and even film stars, headed by Adolphe Menjou.

Franklin Roosevelt and the curator of the late George V were both members. The King himself once wrote a letter in longhand to a member, Charles Lathrop Pack, asking advice on a stamp problem. He received help, of course, yet so would any other earnest stamp student, for stamp men aren't interested in who you are but in your love for philatelist activities.

And that, in itself, explains why the club members are the elite. Stamp men differentiate between mere acquisitors, like the late Col. E. H. R. Green, son of the miserly Hetty, whose collection was appraised at $1,250,000, and philatelists like Clarence W. Brazer, New York architect, who has one of the world's greatest collections of sketches and proofs used in designing and printing stamps.

This year the club is celebrating its golden anniversary. It was organized in 1896 in a rented house; now it has its own building at 22 East 35th Street, a dignified structure with great glass and iron doors. Four of the five floors in the present mansion are devoted to the pursuit of philately; the fifth is the housekeeper's apartment.

On the fourth floor is the Philatelic Foundation, an educational organization to promote the study of stamps. It plans to develop a museum, and at present offers an "expertizing" service—the authenticating of any stamp by experts,

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who issue a certificate of approval.

Expertizing is not child's play. The mass of equipment in the John N. Luff Room—named after one of the leading philatelists of the world until his death—combines aspects of both drawing room and laboratory. There are small lighted magnifying glasses and a binocular microscope for minute examination; glass rules with fine scales and thickness gauges accurate to 1/10,000th of an inch; a paper-examining light to show texture and a quartz lamp to reveal whether a stamp has been repaired, cleaned of cancellation marks or counterfeited.

Counterfeiting goes back almost to the time that England put out her 1840 penny black, the first British government stamp. By the 1860s, forgers in the U.S. were selling their wares in wholesale lots. When the Civil War ended, such large-scale efforts were stopped. The forgers then turned to making copies of stamps already rare and bringing good prices from collectors.

THE FORGERS are still at it, and some of their work is very, very good. The Japs, for instance, did a fine job of forging their own country's stamps—with the connivance of their government, which required only that such stamps bear the Jap character for "imitation" woven into the design and, of course, be sold abroad. Hence the need for the Luff Room's apparatus.

Repaired stamps are only a shade less phony to experts than counterfeits. A new corner can be added to a stamp so flawlessly that it takes a combination of quartz lamp, thickness gauge, microscope and eagle eye to detect it. The fabled Sam Singer, *not* a club member, could stitch two or three damaged copies of a rare stamp together to make one perfect specimen. Singer was so good that he sometimes bought back his own stamps by mistake—until he learned to letter a motelike "M"—for mended—on the backs.

Most stamp dealers today want nothing to do with fakes. They're honorable men, and the club counts about a quarter of its membership among them. It now has about a thousand members—200 in the New York area, 700 in the rest of the country and Canada, the remainder throughout the world. And they all look back with reverence on John Walter Scott, one of the founders of the club.

Scott, the father of stamp-collecting in this country, was also the founder of auctions. He wanted a place where collectors and dealers could meet and discuss stamps informally, plus a bit of trading. Thus the Collectors Club. Although the trading end was dropped long ago as too commercial, dealers can still secure the meeting room on the first floor for auctions—usually one or two a week in the winter.

These auctions aren't the prosy affairs that might be expected. Participants, although they listen attentively, aren't above disagreeing violently. And they don't necessarily clash over the color of a stamp; they may argue whether Texas, when it joined the Union, retained the right to secede when it felt like it, and they may use good Texas words. Stamp men, you see, are probably the greatest local and national historians in the world.

If the debaters can't resolve their

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differences, they can retire to the second-floor library. Here is the largest philatelic library in the world, with 120,000 items insured for $33,000. On its shelves are works ranging from the earliest known postal guide, a tiny volume published in Venice in 1620, to *The Postage Stamps of Switzerland*, one of the world's premier works on stamps, three beautifully bound volumes in three languages. Then there are limited editions, like *Plating of the Penny Black of 1840*, which describes the 240 stamps in each of the eleven plates used in printing the first postage stamp.

WHAT IS PLATING? It's the stamp collector's jigsaw puzzle. Stamps are printed from plates bearing a number of facsimiles of the original die, each exactly like the other—except to a stamp collector. He finds extremely minute differences in the printed stamps. With these clues, and with scales, glasses and a large chunk of intuition, the collector figures out where each copy of a certain stamp was located in the proof of its original printing. If you think it's easy, just try it.

Collectors plate stamps only for the love of it; but they become mercenary in the matter of stamp investments. Often they buy commemorative issues which have nothing to do with their collections, and hold them for years. The stamps are always good for face value; they may be worth a thousand times that to collectors in a relatively short time. But it's the old stamps and the errors that involve the real money.

Take the British Guiana one-cent error, the prime example. It was printed, off-color, in a newspaper office of Georgetown in 1856. It drifted into the hands of a 15-year-old British collector, L. Vernon Vaughn, who parted with it in 1875 for six shillings. Its last recorded sale was to the late Arthur Hind, who paid $32,500 and was prepared to pay $60,000. Mrs. Hind, after his death, reportedly sold it to an anonymous collector for an undisclosed sum. Yet that stamp, the only one of its kind, is one of the ugliest in existence, is damaged, and has never been authenticated, since there are no records of its official issuance.

As to American stamps, there's the case of Bob, a Negro porter of Louisville. In 1895, while burning trash, he noticed some envelopes with funny stamps—two bears holding up a shield. He showed them to a couple of janitors who bought them for two-bits and a drink. The janitors sold the first nine stamps for five dollars; then searched and found 128 more, which brought nearly $25,000. "St. Louis bears" now catalogue for about $2,000.

Like such stamp finds, errors can also bring sudden wealth—but the chance of finding an error in American stamps today is just about nil. The last great discovery was made by William F. Robey, a young collector who, in 1918, bought from the Washington post office a sheet of new 24-cent airmails—and almost fainted. All the planes in the center of the two-color stamps were upside down.

Robey sold the sheet for about $500. The buyer then sold the sheet to a Philadelphia dealer who

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promptly resold it to Colonel Green for $20,000. Green broke up the sheet and sold individual stamps. One was later auctioned at $4,000. Inadvertently Mrs. Green used one on a letter to her husband—the greatest postage value ever placed on a missive.

DON'T GET one of the club members going on the international racket of limited stamp issues. He'll grow as furious as though you had suggested that collecting is for children. Nearly every country—including our own—has put out issues so small that the stamps are rarities before they're a week old.

The collectors grow furious, too, at mention of the name of N. F. Seebeck. He printed the stamps for several Central American countries, sent a few of each issue to their homelands, kept the rest in New York for sale to collectors. When he ran low on an expired issue he simply printed more—a cardinal sin. His stamps are still known as Seebecks and are still about the most suspect stamps in existence.

Seebeck died in 1900, and the club has been on guard ever since against similar promoters. If one ever squeezed into the club, he wouldn't stay long, for the members are out to make their hobby not only the most interesting in the world (it's already No. 1 in popularity) but the most honorable. Some time when you have an idle hour, get one of them to talk stamps and why he collects them. You may not become a collector, but you'll certainly learn history.

Healing Has Dramatic Origins

IT WAS THE full of the moon. Stealthily, the savage crept through the matted jungle to a clearing where the dead man lay. A once-mighty warrior, he reposed in ceremonial solitude. A strange green mold, created of heat and moisture and decaying human flesh, spread over the dead man's skull and forehead.

Hastily the mold was scraped off and carried by the panting native runner to a hut where another man lay dying, pierced by poisoned spears. At his side, in full regalia, was the tribal Medicine Man. This amateur healer smeared the mold into the gaping wounds on the dying man's forehead. The patient recovered, and the Medicine Man was honored throughout the tribe.

Mold of different origins and under different names now serves modern medicine. All the world knows of the amazing powers of Penicillin and Tyrothricin. For through modern research, mold, fungus and strange bacterial growths have thus developed, from the crude forms once used by the savage in superstitious ignorance.

—VIRGINIA L. MONTGOMERY

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As the idol of America's small fry, the movie cowboy must be a model of virtue both on and off the screen

Hollywood Saints

in Ten-Gallon Hats

by CAMERON SHIPP

WHAT HAPPENED to Dale Evans shouldn't happen to any pretty young film actress in her right mind, but Miss Evans accepted her fate stoically. Compromise, she knew, would deeply offend millions of the nation's most sensitive moralists at a cost of several million dollars. So she stepped up bravely and sang her Hollywood love song to a horse.

Miss Evans crooned *Under a Blanket of Blue* to Trigger, Roy Rogers' palomino, because the film she was working in needed the song, and she had to sing it to somebody. She suggested Rogers himself, but Republic executives, aghast at the idea, asked desperately if Miss Evans wanted to ruin the company and maybe the whole picture industry.

Failing to get Rogers, Miss Evans wisely chose to serenade Trigger, the second male lead, who is always billed ahead of the feminine star and whose contract calls for three close-ups in every picture. In a film where the producers thought warmer romance might be well-placed, she was allowed to kiss Trigger on the nose.

This is the way it goes in Westerns, Hollywood's purest, most sexless and most profitable product. Their code is as stern as the Decalogue. Their protagonists are the strictest examples of virtue extant, which holds true for their private lives as well as their public works. A Western star, for all his prosperity and rugged acclaim, lives almost as austerely as a bishop.

In 1945, some 20 per cent of Hollywood's output was Westerns —a statistic which may encourage parents who have worried about how the small fry spend their afternoons. These small fry, jampacking the neighborhood theaters every Saturday, are seeing dramas as pious as the morality plays of the fifteenth century. In fact, they would be the first to object if their heroes departed from the clean and rigid formula or even so much as held a girl's hand.

An average Western costs from $50,000 to $250,000 to produce, requires only 10 to 25 days' shoot-

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ing, plays 8,000 to 15,000 theatres, and makes from $10,000 to $500,000 profit. A vast production like *Duel in the Sun*, which will approach *Gone With the Wind* in length, may cost more than $5,000,000. But although this new picture is about the West, it is not technically a Western. It has Love in it, and the hero is a Bad Man.

In the stock Western, there is usually a girl, though actually she is an impediment and might as well be a mortgage or a mail pouch. She is in the picture merely to get saved. Some of the better heroines, like Miss Dale Evans, compete with the scenery and wave good-bye to the Galahad cowpoke as he rides away into the sunset, paying her no more attention than a fencepost.

There is never any slaughter in the picture, no matter how wildly bullets fly. The villain *always* shoots at the hero first, but the hero seldom shoots back. He goes in with bare hands.

You never see an actual blow struck. You see a man start a blow. You see another man fall. But look closely next time. You don't see anybody hit anybody.

You never see one man actually shoot another man. You see him fire. Then the scene is cut, and you see the other man fall. But killer and victim are never in the same scene. It's one of the rules.

The villain is always utterly bad and is always punished. There are no shadings of character, no doubts about anybody. Roy Barcroft, for instance, has been lynched, shot, thrown off cliffs a thousand times. Producers never have the slightest mercy on him.

Although it's all right for men to get hurt in Westerns, audiences will not permit the slightest cruelty to animals. The vicious "Running-W," a wire lashed to a stake to trip horses and make them fall, has not been used in Hollywood for years. For falls, the director uses a short-legged, big-boned horse that is trained to tumble on cue. He falls into a sawdust bed covered with grass, sometimes hurting the rider but never himself.

One of the most spectacular stunts, that of a rider diving a horse off a cliff into the river, is not the most difficult, although the stunt man sometimes gets bruised. The leap is never more than 30 feet, but telescopic lenses make it appear to be 60. The horse suffers no more than a wetting. The rider receives $500 for the trick.

Stunt men are acrobatic specialists whose skills cannot be duplicated. The bulldogging trick, in which a man rides against another and knocks him off his horse, pays $150. A fall from a fast-traveling stagecoach brings $250. For leaping onto the lead horse of a stagecoach, hanging on, letting go, and catching the back axle of the coach as it passes over his body, a specialist receives a thousand dollars.

Joseph Kane, who has produced and directed cowboy sagas for 15 years, and Harry ("Pop") Sherman, who makes the *Hopalong Cassidy* features, agree on the two hardest scenes in a Western. The toughest is simply to walk into the scene, mount a horse and ride away. This is comparable to the sequence in a dramatic picture in which the player enters a room and finds a letter on a table. For in-

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explicable reasons it seems to require enormous skill to perform either simple scene without fumbling something.

The next hardest is a stampede. That is because cattle are now bred with short legs and heavy bodies; hence they don't like to run, and when they do run they won't run anywhere near the camera. With these difficult exceptions, every other sequence in a Western is routine. There are no tedious re-takes. You get the scene the first time.

Sherman brought Bill Boyd, one of the foremost cowboy stars, out of a four-year retirement to play *Hopalong Cassidy*. Mr. Boyd, a Cecil B. DeMille discovery, has been an actor for about 25 years. He became a Western star by accident, because he looked the part.

The majority of Western heroes left ranches to become actors. A few of them, however, are ex-radio singers or actors who happened to look the part, and who became cowboys by professional design. Instantly they found their lives changed. Outside of seminaries, there is probably no group of men in America who are such ardent teetotalers. They must not smoke or drink in pictures, or anywhere in public where children are present. And they wear their cowboy suits virtually all the time.

Roy Rogers, a boy from Duck Run, Ohio, currently billed as "King of the Cowboys," has worn his high heels and tight breeches so many years that he is afraid of falling on his face in what he calls "civilian clothes." At any rate he does not dare expose himself outdoors without full regalia, lest one of his admirers suffer from shock. And although Rogers goes to New York every year as a rodeo guest star, he has seen little of the city because mobs stopped him everywhere he went.

With a way of life thus thrust upon them, the star cowpokes have managed to make the pleasant best of it. They live on ranches, raise horses, go riding on their days off. Rogers, who varies horse-breeding with pigeon-raising, recently purchased 40 brood mares and looks forward to a long line of photogenic palominos.

Trigger, almost as great a star as Rogers himself, has been confusing the public for years. There are three chief Triggers and three assistant Triggers, all as alike as sextuplets. The principal Triggers are the original Trigger, who gets the close-ups with Dale Evans; Trick Trigger, who can unlatch gates and untie knots; and Running Trigger, one of the fastest horses in the world for 100 yards. The other Triggers act as stand-ins and do routine loping.

DESPITE SIZABLE salaries, a Western star's investment in paraphernalia is no minor matter. Each star must have designed for him a regalia so distinctive that he is instantly recognizable the moment he flashes on screen. Gene Autry's trademark, for instance, is braid, while Rogers' is embroidery and fringe. One complete outfit, including saddle and horse, can run to $15,000.

Parents coping with offspring have found the cowboy stars an unfailing source of inspiration and practical help. At maternal request, Rogers has written so many letters

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recommending spinach that he has begun to eat it himself. The cowboys' secretaries toil daily, composing hundreds of letters recommending fresh air, exercise and fair play, and condemning liquor and nicotine. Runaway teen-agers turn up at the homes of Rogers, Boyd, Bill Elliott and company at the rate of dozens a year and are sent home with good advice.

Oddly enough, the enormous importance of Western pictures and their moral impact on tomorrow's citizens goes largely unheralded. One reason, of course, is the very reason that makes the pictures possible: they play to brand-new audiences every five years as the boys grow up. That is why a Western star flourishes as long as he can sit a saddle without creaking. And that is why no producer of Westerns has ever thought it necessary to employ expensive writers, just to invent a new plot.

Dinner Table Talk

A RETURNING VETERAN remarked that one of the hardest things to find was a GI Joe in the Armed forces who would admit he made less than fifty bucks a week in civilian life! —GEORGE N. LOICANO

IN SAN FRANCISCO, Sailor Romeo J. Berard took the name of Sailor Robert J. Brewster, fulfilling a pledge that if one died the survivor would legally adopt the name of his deceased friend.

NEW YORK CITY: Mr. Aria was until recently the editor of the new magazine, *Your Music*.

ALTHOUGH HE said all he wanted to do was to send the picture to China to show his friends how well he was doing, Philadelphia police arrested a Chinese laundryman for photographing a thousand-dollar bill.

MISS RHODE ISLAND PLACE of Winchester, Virginia, married Utah Crosen and named her nine children as follows: Vermont, Virginia, Georgia, Minnesota, Montana, Florida, Maryland, Kansas and Tennessee. —HAROLD HELFER

PUT AN ICE CUBE on your tongue before you take that medicine. The cold will completely deaden your taste sense, and if you're asked afterwards whether the dose was bitter, your answer will have to be, "I don't know." —BESS RITTER

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How Bob Reed, a "right good talker," put a little Missouri town on the map

Ozark Mayor with Ideas

by EDWIN J. BECKER

FOR 25 YEARS Bob Reed sold insurance to about everybody in Miller County, Missouri. People in the Ozark town of Eldon knew Bob as a "right good talker," who had learned his sales psychology years before in his uncle's country store.

One day in 1939 he was sitting on his porch, talking with Ed Lauderdale, owner of the Eldon Shoe Store. "It's a downright shame," Lauderdale said glumly.

Reed, chewing a cigar, nodded. Yes, Eldon was broke, shabby, going to the dogs. So next day he launched a personal war against local apathy and indifference.

In Eldon, which lies 130 miles west of St. Louis, ten business places had closed, vacant houses were everywhere, old-timers sat on porches or puttered about their gardens. So when Bob Reed announced to his wife and children that he was going into the real-estate business, they laughed. Real estate in Eldon? Why the town was dying on its feet.

"Finance homes and the people'll buy 'em," Bob said.

The local loan company guffawed too—and tightened the purse strings. So Reed drove all over the state, seeking assistance. Finally he cornered the president of the Missouri Home Savings and Loan Association in Springfield and urged him to take a look at Eldon. He agreed, but only after Reed had promised expenses, entertainment and a fish dinner.

"The fish dinner did it," Bob recalls.

Soon Reed started refinancing, remodeling and repairing houses so fast that Eldon didn't know what had happened. For weeks at a time he sold a home a day. Yet Eldon was still a run-down town, so Bob began preaching "clean up Eldon." Local bankers, who had finally cooperated in his real-estate ventures, approved the idea.

Now Bob Reed had never been a politician in Eldon, but in March, 1944, he was asked to run for Mayor. "I never had any desire to mix with politics," says Reed, "and tried to get out of it." But on election day, Bob won. Then Eldon's old-timers settled back to see what was going to happen. On April 5,

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the day Reed was sworn in, the fire started. Before the Board of Aldermen he argued until midnight about what he wanted done. The most frequent question was: "Where's the money coming from?" Bob didn't know and didn't care.

Next day he walked around town. First, there were no street signs. He ordered them made and installed. Then he went into the Eldon jail, kicked at the rubbish and filth, came back to his office and ordered the jail remodeled. For years the dusty streets south of the railroad had never been oiled. "Oil 'em!" he commanded.

Before Reed became mayor you could walk the streets after dark and couldn't see your shadow. Soon after he took office the town blossomed one night with 46 new street lights. It also blossomed with new culverts, new bridges, new road machinery. Then one night Bob called on everyone in Eldon to turn out and finish the job of "cleaning."

For a week men, women and children scurried about with rakes, brooms, paint brushes and wheelbarrows. When they doffed their coveralls there wasn't a scrap of debris in the town; every building glistened with a new paint job.

Then Bob Reed started to worry about who was going to pay all the bills. One day, rummaging in an old desk in the mayor's office, he found a tobacco tin full of greenbacks! Next, in the Eldon bank, he located some old but respectable bonds, long forgotten. They and the cash belonged to Eldon. No questions were asked, but Bob's constituents began to breathe easier.

When Arthur E. Brown of the Missouri State Resource and Development Commission visited Bob to ask about buying a summer cottage at nearby Lake of the Ozarks, the Mayor went after him. How can Eldon be promoted, he asked. Promptly Brown prepared a questionnaire for Eldon businessmen to fill out. What did Eldon have to offer? Plenty, Bob Reed figured.

When the survey was completed, Brown prepared a "Story of Eldon." Reed ordered 3,000 copies. He visited Eldon High School and next day students were addressing envelopes to manufacturers. "The Story of Eldon" found its way into the mail boxes of major industrial firms throughout the country.

The businessmen of Eldon chipped in and built a $40,000 shoe factory. The Kraft Company built a $75,000 addition to its cheese factory in Eldon. A local pants factory began to do a rushing business. The International Shoe Company speeded production. Two concrete-block factories sprang up to handle the mushroom building trade. Deposits in the two local banks reached an all-time high.

But Bob Reed still wasn't satisfied. Then one day he met Eugene Fryhoff of the Aviation Division of the Missouri Department of Resources and Development, and told him some of his plans for Eldon. Fryhoff decided the little town of 2,500 was an ideal spot for a Model Air Park, first in the country for private fliers. And a recreation park as well. Moreover, both would be built entirely with local funds.

The Mayor, with Fryhoff's help, explained the project to the City Council. There was some cautious

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head-shaking before it was agreed to buy two farms near the town. But how to finance the project? That almost stumped Reed. Then he decided on a $25,000 bond issue to pay for land, drainage, runways, fencing and an administration building.

Eldon oldtimers started talking enthusiastically about "this Air Park thing." Reed advertised in the local newspapers, distributed handbills, sent letters to Eldon men overseas. Soldiers and sailors wrote back, urging that the bond issue be approved. On election day a sound-truck rolled through Eldon announcing: "Vote YES and scratch NO and watch Eldon grow!" The bond issue passed, nine to one.

Don Ryan Mockler, an official of the Aircraft Industries Association of America, called from Washington that night to ask how the vote had gone. "We're gonna have the best Air Park in the country," Reed told him.

"The first, too," Mockler replied.

Within a few weeks Bob Reed was pasting clippings about Eldon's Model Air Park in the town's scrapbook. They came from every state and from Canada, Panama and Mexico. The construction job was finished in May, 1945. One day in June, Eldon woke up to find it was jammed with out-of-towners.

There was a pageant of transportation. Indians and cowboys rode through town on horseback, yipping and screaming. Hundreds of light planes droned overhead to dedicate America's first Model Air Park for private fliers only.

Now that it's all over, now that Eldon is spick-and-span with business booming, veterans happy, work for all and the air park completed, Bob Reed is devoting more time to his hobby of raising turkeys.

"I promoted the park but can't ride in a plane," he says. "It makes me sick every time I go up."

All the folks in Eldon are proud of their Mayor. When you talk to an old-timer now, he struts and preens like one of Reed's gobblers.

"Eldon? Best durn town in Missouri—whole durn country, in fact!"

My Best Break!

"A year ago I desperately needed some extra money to pay family hospital bills. So when I saw a small caption in Coronet that said 'It's Easy To Earn Extra Money During Your Spare Time'—I inquired. That's the best break I've ever had. I've been selling subscriptions to Coronet ever since. Paid all my hospital bills . . . and am now using my spare-time Coronet income to get those welcome 'extras' out of life."

—T. BROUN, *Chicago, Illinois*

If *you* are interested in earning extra money by selling subscriptions to Coronet in your community, just write to:

Coronet, Dept. 202, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 11, Illinois.

It's interesting, pleasant—and profitable spare-time work.

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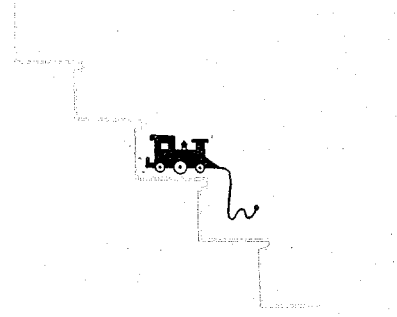
Injury or death lurks in every room unless you observe some common-sense rules

Is Your Home a Death Trap?



by WILLIAM F. MCDERMOTT

IT MAY BE "Home Sweet Home" in legend, but there's no place like home for getting killed or crippled. If you don't believe it, consider this typical day's toll: 88 men, women and children killed; 360 permanently maimed or disfigured; 12,640 otherwise injured or disabled.

Yet the slaughtering and maiming continue day after day, year after year, with a fantastic total of almost 5,000,000 victims annually.

The fact that death or injury strikes in the American home every few seconds might indicate that we should all bow to the fates and await inevitable disaster. But that isn't necessary. Demonstrations already made in eliminating hazards and practicing safety reveal that at least 80 per cent of fatalities and injuries are preventable. Which means that every year some 4,000,000 men, women and children can enjoy continued well-being through the practice of common sense and persistence.

Freak accidents perhaps are unavoidable. A Denver bridge player, losing temper at his wife's success, leaped from a chair and dislocated his shoulder. A returned soldier in Baltimore gave his mother such a vigorous hug that it broke several ribs. A Chicago baby, perched on a porch railing, was grabbed by his mother, but she lost her balance and they fell two stories to the street below.

A Minnesota housewife wanted to repair a broken pin in her washing machine. She sawed off the end of a stick and started to hammer it into the machine. The stick exploded, blowing her across the room. It was dynamite.

Despite such freak mishaps, many home disasters *can* be prevented through common-sense precautions. Architects are beginning to realize that hazards can be eliminated through design and planning, and many of the new architectural plans incorporate automatically suggestions made by the National Safety Council.

The most ghastly killer on Home Avenue is the fall. About half the year's fatalities, or 16,000, are caused by tumbles. Daily, at least six people slip on loose rugs and pay

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with their lives. As many more tumble to their deaths from chairs, tables, rickety stepladders and other precarious supports while washing windows, searching top shelves, cleaning ceilings or hanging curtains. Children leaning against windows, persons climbing out of bathtubs, men and women teetering on ladders to hang screens or paint walls also crash to their doom.

Recently a friend told me that his mother had been in bed eleven months with a broken back. She slipped on a rug at the foot of the living-room stairs. She will never walk again. Weeks before, however, I had warned him of the death trap lurking in his home.

A relative of mine let her son lean against a window screen. It gave way, and the youngster crashed onto a cement pavement below. He lay for weeks in delirium. Last fall, the father of the boy was at my home, removing storm windows. Climbing a ladder to the second floor, he lifted out a heavy section. At that moment a gust of wind struck. Only by luck did he manage to save himself by grabbing the sill with one hand.

WHAT CAN BE DONE about falls in and around the home? It takes more than a list of don'ts. Positive safety measures are simple and inexpensive. For instance, always have a sturdy stepladder on every floor, equipped with nonskid rubber treads. Use it always, instead of standing on chairs, tables, boxes or stools.

Coat the underside of every loose rug with slip-proof material so that it will remain firmly planted. Or better still, use nails to secure carpets at the base of stairs, in front of doors, in main traffic ways. Guard also against torn or loose carpeting which might trip careless walkers.

Keep flashlights in brackets at convenient points, especially if there are no switches or lights at the top and bottom of stairways. Some builders now install automatic lights for closets and stairs, flashing whenever a door is opened. Another safeguard is the ever-burning floor light at the base of steps. Still another precaution is to paint a white square at the bottom of the basement stairway, eliminating the taking of that one step too many or too few.

Many outside falls are due to placing a ladder too close to the building. Painters always base their ladders securely, setting them out from the structure so that the center of gravity is not disturbed. A good rule is to place the ladder at least one-fourth its length from the wall.

A building novelty that prevents falls due to window-washing is the movable or removable window. In one instance, the window swings on a center hinge, allowing the housewife to wash the outside in safety. In the second case, the window can be taken from the frame and cleaned separately.

Some of the worst falls occur in the bathroom. Recently, a man and a woman died on successive days in metropolitan hotels. The man slipped, battered his head on the edge of the tub and drowned. The woman turned on boiling water instead of lukewarm. As she grabbed for the faucets, she fell and was scalded to death.

Bathroom safety requires not only

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sturdy bars to hold onto in entering and leaving the tub, but also a rubber mat in the tub and a non-skid bath mat. For showers, the latest is a perpendicular bar from ceiling to floor, for use by adults and children alike.

Certain safety rules must be practiced if home falls are to be prevented. Be sure that porch railings are strong. Worms or dry rot often weaken supports, even though the damage may be invisible. All traffic ways should be clear of mops, brooms and playthings. Keep cakes of soap out of bathtubs and off bathroom floors. A night light should be kept burning, with every member of the family knowing the location of main switches. Such simple safety measures would save thousands of lives a year.

Next to falls, the worst killer and crippler in the home is fire. The death toll is 5,800 a year. As a newspaperman I went with firemen to a house where a beautiful young woman, tending the furnace, had opened the furnace door. Smoke and flame gushed forth, setting her hair and clothes afire. Burning like a torch, she rushed upstairs where her mother tried to smother the blaze. Mother and daughter died there together.

In another tragic case, a young mother and her children, living in a basement flat, had enjoyed a small Christmas tree. A kerosene stove provided the only heat. The children, ranging in age from two to six, were playing while the mother went to visit a neighbor. One of them knocked over the stove, igniting the tree. Quickly the flames spread. Screams of terror brought the mother home, but it was too late. I saw the three little bodies, charred and blackened, on the embalmer's slab.

Fire prevention in the home is fairly simple, but it requires constant attention. Keep all wiring, floor lamps, extension cords and switches in good repair; disconnect electric appliances when through with them; enclose fireplaces with wire screens; keep oily mops in the open air; never store inflammable materials in closets; keep chimneys and flues cleaned; place ashes in metal containers; never start a fire with gasoline or kerosene.

NEXT AMONG LETHAL agents is poison, which causes 1,500 accidental deaths a year. Bottles on a shelf look alike, and the careless person takes a chance on picking the right one. Not long ago a young woman in Washington wanted aspirin for a headache. Reaching into the medicine cabinet in the dark, she took out a bottle of pills and swallowed two. She was dead in a few minutes. The pills were bichloride of mercury.

The safest rule about poisons is not to keep any in the house. If they must be on hand, a separate locked cabinet, plainly marked, is the best safeguard. Next best is to stick pins in the cork of every bottle containing poison or harmful medicine. And always keep bottled substances, medicines or otherwise, out of reach of children.

More than a thousand people die yearly of firearms accidents in and about the home. That's why the "I-didn't-know-it-was-loaded" epitaph is on so many tombstones. If firearms must be kept at home, they should be unloaded and locked

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up, with ammunition far removed from children and careless adults.

Strange to say, the kitchen, not the bathroom, is the most dangerous place in the house. Eighteen per cent of accidents occur in the room where woman is queen. Flaming grease, escaping gas, protruding handles of skillets and smears of grease or fruit peelings on the floor cause many mishaps. Burners without safety catches are frequently turned on by children, causing asphyxiation. Pans of hot water are pulled off stoves or knocked over, often causing injury or death.

The kitchen floor may be clean or dry, handles of utensils turned in, boiling kettles constantly watched, yet there are still hazards. When the top of a roaster or kettle is removed, lift the far side first, preventing a burst of steam in your face. Old-fashioned slip-on sleeves are safeguards against arm burns, while gloves are invaluable in handling roasting pans.

The annual cost of home accidents is estimated at $7,000,000, covering loss in wages, medical expenses, insurance overhead, and damage by fire. Death lurks in every room, hides behind every door, waits on every stair. And where death fails in its ghastly mission, injury takes over, maiming thousands for life.

Home disasters, accounting for half the fearful toll of all disabling injuries suffered in U. S. accidents, form the nation's most dreaded enemy. To meet the challenge, we must build new homes that are safe, and remodel old structures to a minimum of danger. Then we must remove all possible hazards in and about homes, and teach the entire population to practice safety from the cradle to the grave.

Easy . . . When You Know How

(Answers to problem on page 68.)

THE MANAGER must be married and old enough to be a grandparent. He cannot be Mr. Brown because he is unmarried. Mr. Fineburg because he is too young, or Mr. O'Shaughnessy because he is a neighbor of the Manager. It must therefore be Mrs. Johnson, who is the only one of the women who is married.

The Stenographer must be married and old enough to have a married child. It therefore cannot be Mr. Brown or either of the unmarried women and Mr. Fineburg is too young. Consequently, Mr. O'Shaughnessy is the Stenographer.

The Cashier is a married man. Mr. O'Shaughnessy being placed, it must be Mr. Fineburg, because Mr. Brown is unmarried.

The Assistant Manager is a man and must be Mr. Brown, who is the only man not placed.

Miss Gordon and Miss Gibson must therefore be Clerk and Teller, and, since Miss Gordon is the Teller's step-sister, Miss Gordon must be the Clerk and Miss Gibson the Teller.

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How a piece of water-soaked rope survived a fire and exposed the "perfect crime" of a cunning wife-slayer

The Clue of the Blue and White Cord

by EVELYN DOBBS

FREDERICK L. SMALL was a gray-faced, undersized cripple in his middle fifties, and, while he should have been a sympathetic character, there was something about the man that caused people instinctively to dislike him. Perhaps it was his way of eying young girls that caused the good residents of Mountainview, a New Hampshire village, to regard Small with suspicion after he took up residence there in 1913. At any rate, no matter what Small did or how hard he seemed to try, he never seemed to be popular.

Small, whose right leg had been shortened in a youthful accident, was a former broker of apparent means. He purchased a handsome house on the shore of Lake Ossipee, about a mile from Mountainview. His wife, Arlene, was a frail, self-effacing woman twenty years his junior, for whom everybody felt vaguely sorry.

The Smalls, who were childless, lived the year round in their lake-shore home. Neighbors were present only in the summer. Of a still night in the dead of winter, a woman's terrible screams sometimes carried clear into Mountainview. Suspicion was that the screams came from the Small cottage.

Small's only close friend in Mountainview was a man who sold insurance. The friendship was further cemented when Small took out a $20,000 policy on his wife's life. Soon afterward Mrs. Small went riding with her husband in his motorboat. The boat turned over, and Mrs. Small faced death by drowning. But her husband saved her despite his physical handicap.

Complimented on his heroism, Small merely said, "If my wife were not alive, I wouldn't want to live, either."

Small took frequent business trips to Boston, a few hours away. But once, when a wayfarer from Mountainview ran into Small in Boston, the ex-broker was more concerned with a carmine-lipped blonde than with stocks and bonds. After Small returned to Ossipee, he sought out the man who had seen him and gave him ten dollars to say nothing.

By 1916, it was established that

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Arlene was his third wife. Also it was learned that Small had sued a prominent Bostonian for alienation of his second wife's affections, and had been awarded a tidy sum. Soon after, Small had retired from a Boston brokerage house, married his third wife and moved to Ossipee.

In September, 1914, Mrs. Small fell ill with a respiratory ailment. Her unpopular little husband made frequent visits to the drugstore operated by Dr. E. W. Hodsdon, one-time medical examiner. Small's grief was so obviously spurious that Dr. Hodsdon remarked to a friend: "I don't know what that man's up to, but it's nothing good."

ON THE MORNING of September 28, Small phoned to his insurance friend. "Ed, I'm catching the 4:07 to Boston. Why don't you come with me and take in a show tonight? We'll be back tomorrow afternoon."

The insurance agent agreed to meet Small at the station.

Before train time, a buggy stopped in front of the Ossipee home to pick up Small. Just as he was about to close the door he called inside, "Good-bye, darling. Take care of yourself." Then he cocked an ear and said, "What's that?"

He listened again, then smiled. "Stop worrying about me. Of course I'll wear my rubbers if it rains in Boston."

As he climbed into the buggy, Small said to the driver, "That's a woman for you, Charlie—always worrying about the man she loves."

In Boston that evening, Small wrote a postcard to his wife. He marked the time on the card—8:40 p.m.—and showed the card to Ed. "Arlene and I are always very exact," he said.

Small and Ed went to a burlesque show, where Small clearly indicated that he indulged in extramarital indiscretions. After the show the two men returned to Young's Hotel. There was a message for Small to call Hodsdon's drugstore in Mountainview.

As Small listened to the words that came through the receiver from Mountainview, his little brown eyes darted around. He said to Dr. Hodsdon, "I'll come right back!" Then he slumped over.

"My loved one is dead!" he mumbled. "Burned up!"

"What!" cried Ed.

"The house caught fire tonight at 10 o'clock. She was in bed—too weak to walk."

"The last train's gone," said Ed. "We'll have to hire a car."

"Go ahead and make the arrangements," said Small, opening a bottle of whiskey.

Small took one drink after another. Soon his sorrows were drowned to such an extent that he was staggering around the room. Suddenly he asked: "Say, Ed, is there anything in my policy that says I won't get paid if Arlene dies in this kind of an accident?"

"Of course not," said Ed, who thought it peculiar that a husband should be thinking about money in his hour of grief.

When he arrived at Mountainview in the morning, Small found his home a charred mass. His wife's body had not been found. As he poked around the ruins he shouted to curious onlookers: "There's a reward of a thousand dollars for

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anybody who gets to the bottom of this!"

When Dr. Hodsdon heard about the remark he asked: "What is there to get to the bottom of—unless Small knows something?"

Then the insurance salesman told Hodsdon about Small's preoccupation with money just after his wife's death. Hodsdon decided to have a talk with Small.

"What's in your mind?"

Small's eyes narrowed. "Doc," he said, "I've got my suspicions."

For several days before the fire, Small said, he had noticed four strange men rowing around Ossipee in a boat. "I think those men robbed and murdered my wife while I was in Boston and then set fire to the house to cover up their crime. My wife owned thousands of dollars' worth of jewelry."

Hodsdon passed Small's story on to Sheriff Arthur Chandler. An abandoned rowboat was found near the Small property, and other residents of Mountainview corroborated Small's story about the four strangers. The sheriff also ascertained that Mrs. Small had owned considerable jewelry when she married the cripple.

The sheriff had a talk with Charlie, buggy driver who had taken Small to the station.

"Mrs. Small was alive when I took Mr. Small to the station," said Charlie. "She told her husband to be sure and wear his rubbers if it rained in Boston."

Despite suspicions, the fact remained that Charlie, an elderly man noted for integrity, said that Mrs. Small had been alive when Small left, and Small himself had been in Boston with the insurance man when the fire occurred. Was the strangely unpopular little man telling the truth after all?

Then fate took a hand. The sheriff's men came upon the body of Arlene Small. It had fallen into a part of the ruins where water had seeped in from Lake Ossipee. Therefore a piece of distinctive blue-and-white cord, which had choked Arlene Small to death, remained intact.

When Small was told about the cord, he screamed, "Arlene was *murdered!* This proves it!"

The piece of cord was unlike any sold in Mountainview. Then two residents told the Sheriff something they didn't like to tell, because their story helped Fred Small, whom they didn't like. Soon after Small had left for Boston, they had seen four strange men near the Small home. That night, after the fire broke out, the same informants had seen *four men running away from the cottage.*

Promptly, public opinion changed in favor of Small. Mountainview people suddenly realized they had been prejudiced against the little cripple. True, Small was found to be hard up when the

Next Month
Coronet will bring you the rugged charm and beauty of
New England—Sweet Land of Liberty
in a 20-page pictorial tour of America's Cradle of Democracy

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sheriff looked into his finances, yet his financial plight did not necessarily make him a killer in order to collect insurance.

The four men in the boat were located. They admitted that they had been in the vicinity of the cottage; they admitted, too, that they had run from the fire. They said they were afraid of being accused of setting the blaze.

Now Small raised the reward for his wife's killers to $5,000. But he didn't have that much money on hand and the sheriff knew it. The buggy driver was questioned again.

It developed that Charlie had been the victim of cunning psychological suggestion. He had not seen Mrs. Small—he had assumed that she was alive simply because of what Small had said. Actually, the sheriff suspected, Small had misled Charlie by carrying on a conversation with a corpse.

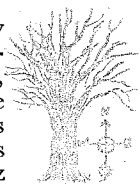
Now the insurance salesman recalled something. He had once been boating with Small when the steering gear got out of kilter. Small had made the repairs with a piece of blue-and-white cord exactly like that found around the neck of the victim.

Fate, in the form of seeping water that had preserved the cord, had thwarted plans laid for the perfect crime—plans that included setting the fire by remote control through a time device. Thus Frederick L. Small, the shifty-eyed cripple who liked women too much, went to his doom on the gallows.

In Case You Didn't Know!

THE OYSTER is the most prolific creature in the world: a single oyster may lay as many as six million eggs a year. In order to make sure of the continuation of these curious mollusks, nature has made it possible for them to "somersault" their sex, from male to female and then back again to male! —CLARA BELL THURSTON

AMERICA'S ENTIRE annual budget for medical research is less than five million dollars. Yet *Beauty Fashions* reports that last year 44 million dollars was expended on perfume alone. A half million dollars was spent to help discover the cause of cancer, while 25 million dollars were spent for shampoos and other hair preparations and 25 millions for hand lotions. —G. DORO



SHOULD YOU ever lose your way in a wooded area, you may determine north, south, east and west merely by examining the trees. North is on the side where moss is thickest, the bark seems wettest. Once you ascertain which side of the tree is north, stand facing in that direction: to your right is east, to your left, west. South of the equator, of course, it is just the opposite. —TED BENTZ

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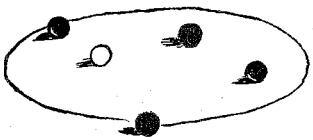
When he isn't staging tournaments for the kids, Berry Pink is hunting new uses for his product



Marble King of the World

by FRANCES VELIE

BERRY PINK, the American marble king, whose factory produces 3,500,000 marbles a day, owns an English marble authenticated as a thousand years old and another that was discovered in the tomb of King Tut. But some day he hopes to own a really old one, perhaps found in ancient Aztec mounds or in prehistoric caves.

For marbles is one of the oldest known games, probably the forerunner of all the ways man has found to play with a spherical shape —baseball, soccer, billiards, tennis. While civilizations rose and fell, boys went right on playing marbles.

In today's atomic age, Berry Pink's mechanical rollers, which put the erstwhile marble center in Oberstein, Germany, out of business, pour out a torrent of aggies, bloodies, taws and immies in the world's largest glass-marble factory, in Ottawa, Illinois. Only one kind is fashioned by hand—the precious "bull's eye"—made of agate by descendants of the family that for centuries practiced the craft in the Ruhr. Costing a dollar each to make, money can't buy them. For Pink never sells the limited output of 3,000 bull's eyes a year; he gives them to champions.

Like many another king in fact and fable, Berry Pink wanders incognito among his subjects, his only disguise a hat to hide his bald pate. At 44, he dreads being considered an elderly gentleman by the young blood of the pavements. Excitedly he kibitzes on the edge of a noisy marble game. "Don't hold it so low on the knuckle," he urges.

"Aw, what do you know about mibs, mister?" an annoyed youngster challenges.

This is the cue Pink has been waiting for. Knees to the dirt, he twirls a back spin, a dead spin, a right and left English, a hook and spin and "duck." In awe, bewildered kids watch the master, unaware that this is Pink the Great, who won a marbles medal at eight and has been top man ever since.

But champion Pink isn't playing just for fun. Shrewdly he produces bags of marbles, asks the youngsters to choose the kind they like best. What they choose is what Pink manufactures that year. The kids are his stylists, pointing the way unerringly to sure-fire selling items. It was thus Pink learned that half the marbles he makes must be red.

Such shrewdness would undoubtedly earn Pink a fortune in marbles if he didn't spend so much in promoting the game through annual national championships, for which he supplies the marbles, 12,000 gold trophies, 18,000 gold, silver and bronze medals, and

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150,000 sweater shields. Grand prize is a thousand dollars in cash, plus a four-year college scholarship. The total cost to Pink—$50,000.

Pink does not make money from the marbles you play with. His profits come from the millions he sells for traffic reflectors, highway markers, roller bearings, signs and costume jewelry. Thus supported by industrial gadgets, Pink goes where his heart takes him—where the playing marbles roll.

In the South they roll in January as Pink's national contests get under way. By springtime, 4,500,000 boys from the 48 states and Canada, Mexico, the Philippines and Hawaii knuckle down to serious competition. At these contests Pink is in his element as impresario, fan, kibitzer and chief unofficial challenger.

Pink can spot a potential marbles champion by his shooting form. When an eight-year-old boy from Georgia lost his first three tournament games, Pink asked him: "Do the crowds put you off your game?"

"They don't bother me none, I reckon," answered the young Georgian. "But Mr. Pink, do I really have to wear shoes?"

Assured that he didn't, he doffed the shoes which he had been warned everyone wore in New York. Toes dug happily into the dirt, he won the rest of his games.

When Pink isn't conducting tournaments, he hunts for new ways to use marbles. His biggest strike was the discovery of the ancient game of Chinese checkers. This game and other uses dreamed up by Pink catapulted the 25,000,000-a-year output of 1929 to a world-wide flood of a billion in 1940.

Pink found his life's work at the age of eight, although he didn't know it until he passed 30. A neighborhood marbles champ in Passaic, New Jersey, he carried his medal for years, even through a 12-year hitch in the Navy. Unsuccessful in a number of ventures, Pink hit his stride when he met a glass manufacturer.

"Why not try the glass business?" the manufacturer asked.

Absently fingering his medal, Pink said impulsively: "I want to make marbles."

Immediately it was a deal. With $1,300 and two skilled glassworkers borrowed from the manufacturer, Pink went into the marbles business. Today, as head of a successful business, he can cope with labor problems, materials and taxes. But mention a girl in connection with marbles and he goes white.

Pink lives in dread that one day a girl-wonder will sail through the boys in a tournament and put the seal of "sissy" on the game. Twice in national tournaments girls have almost won. Had this happened, Pink feels, boys might have turned in disgust from the game.

"Marbles were never stopped by changes of dynasties or revolutions or cyclones," broods Pink. "But a girl—just one girl—might."

George Washington once lost a pie-eating contest—by one pie. The winner ate 15.
—IDA M. PARDUE

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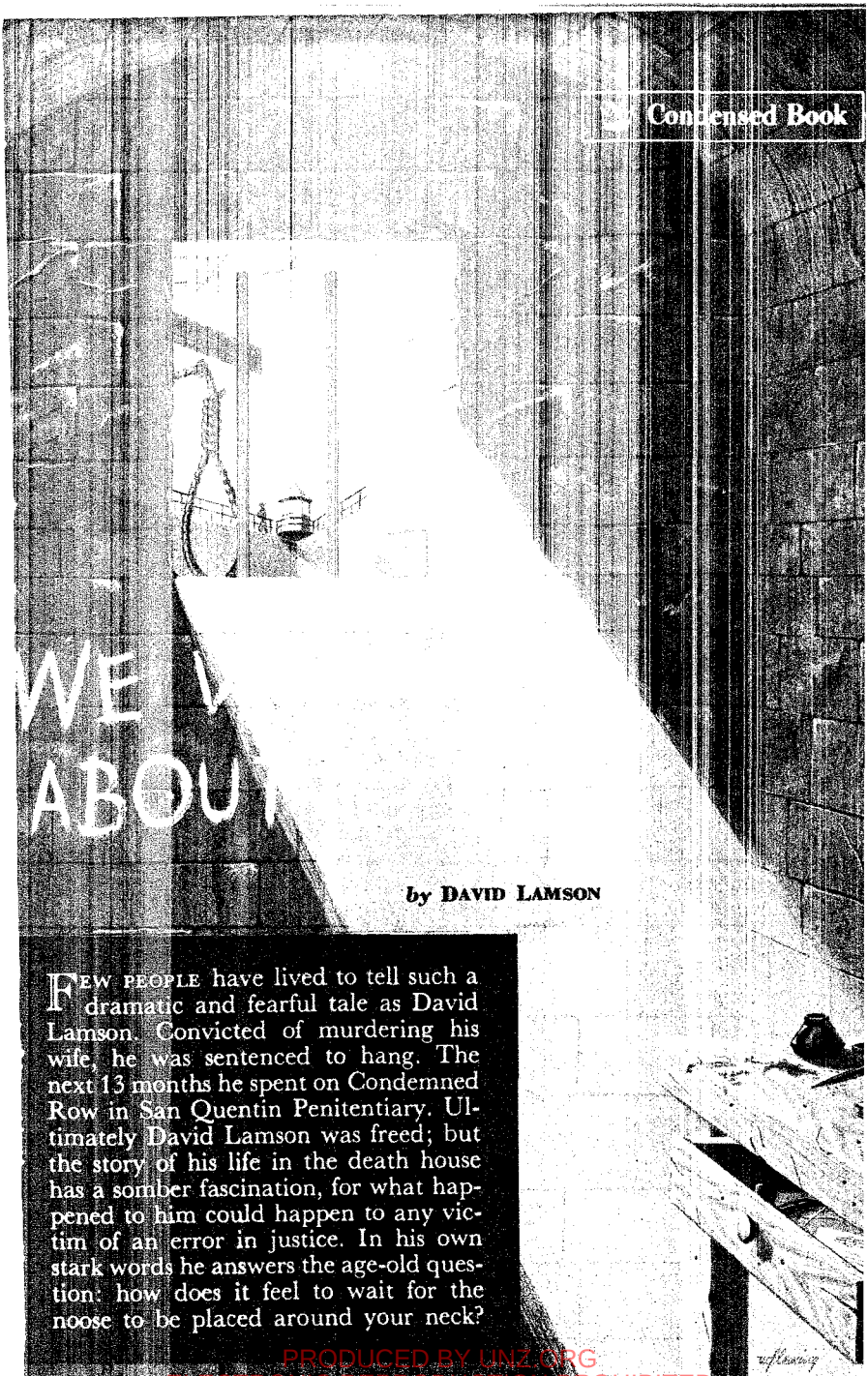

WE ... ABOU...

by DAVID LAMSON

FEW PEOPLE have lived to tell such a dramatic and fearful tale as David Lamson. Convicted of murdering his wife, he was sentenced to hang. The next 13 months he spent on Condemned Row in San Quentin Penitentiary. Ultimately David Lamson was freed; but the story of his life in the death house has a somber fascination, for what happened to him could happen to any victim of an error in justice. In his own stark words he answers the age-old question: how does it feel to wait for the noose to be placed around your neck?

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WE WHO ARE ABOUT TO DIE

by DAVID LAMSON

In a certain cell block in San Quentin Penitentiary is a long row of cells. In them live the men who are about to die, awaiting the summons of the executioner. For 13 months I lived on that Condemned Row, sentenced to death by the State of California for the murder of my wife. . . .

I CAME INTO the courtroom, to the chair beside the counsel table where I had sat through the long trial. Edwin Rea, my lawyer, was already there, his face pale and drawn. "Keep your chin up," he whispered. "I heard it was second degree."

I could feel the muscles of my face stiffen. The room and all in it began to draw away—to become a little remote, apart from me. I didn't believe Rea. It was incredible—

The jury was coming in. I wondered if my face looked as ghastly as theirs. The foreman handed a slip of paper to the clerk, who took it up to the judge. The judge started to read.

"We, the jury, find the defendant guilty of murder in the first degree."

There was a pause. Everyone waited for the judge to finish. But he had finished. There was nothing more to read. The jury had sentenced me to hang.

I heard my sister in back of me gasp—almost a sob. Then there was a murmur all over the courtroom—a lot of people saying "Oh!" And then there was the scutter of feet—newspapermen rushing to their phones. A gabble of sound welled through the door and hushed as it closed again.

To me, all this was remote, dreamlike. You know the feeling of a nightmare: you know terrible things are happening but you also know they are only a dream, that you will wake up. It was something like that. It couldn't be real.

But soon I was walking back

Condensed from the book *We Who Are About To Die* by David Lamson, published at $2.50 by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, N. Y.; copyright by Charles Scribner's Sons

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across the alley to the Santa Clara County jail beside the fat deputy sheriff. He was saying "My God!" over and over, under his breath. Behind us I could hear my sisters, following. One of them was crying. There were lots of people in the alley, silent, staring at us. Their faces were pasty yellow in the pale electric light.

My sisters stayed only long enough to make sure I was all right. Then they went to tell Mother what had happened. She had dinner ready: she expected me to be with them. When they told her she phoned Rea in San Jose. "The fight has just started," she said.

Within a few days my appeal was put under way. We had begun to find out things about the jury and the basis of the verdict; there was a great deal of activity by my lawyers, for we had to make a gesture in the lower court before the case could be taken to a higher.

But when the motions were denied, as expected, the judge fixed a day for sentencing. Again I stood before the bench . . . "it is therefore ordered, adjudged and decreed that the Judgment of Death be and it is hereby pronounced . . . and that the said defendant . . . be hanged by the neck until he is dead." . . .

Eight days later I said good-bye to my daughter, my mother and sisters. Next morning the sheriff and two deputies left the San Jose jail with me. As we ferried across the great sweep of San Francisco Bay I knew the same sense of unreality as in the courtroom. Then we left the ferry, drove ahead.

Suddenly the guard towers of San Quentin came into view. The officers looked at me curiously with sidewise glances. I sat there tensely, staring straight ahead.

ANOTHER MAN is coming to Condemned Row, to live there until he is hanged, or sent down to join other convicts as a lifer, or—possibly but most improbably—sent outside again, either to an insane asylum or for a new trial.

The men on the Row have known he was coming ever since the day after his jury found him guilty. Mr. Harris, the guard in charge of Condemned Row, told them the verdict. It is mid-morning when one of them watching from his cell door sees the new man step through a little gate into the prison yard, escorted by a pair of beefy deputies.

When the new man comes through the gate he sees only a garden surrounded by buildings. He and the deputies move along a path toward the north side of the garden, where stands a squat wooden structure. This building is the most important of all to the men in prison, for here sits the person of Immediate Destiny, the captain of the yard.

He decides what cell you occupy, which of your fellow convicts you are to cell with, where you are to work. He settles disputes, deals out punishment, gives or withdraws privileges. He decides what you wear, what you eat, where you go, what you do. He recognizes but one superior, the warden, and is responsible only to him. His word is law—to be broken at your great and immediate peril.

He is aided in this by his own

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staff: a lieutenant, a sergeant and the yard bulls. There are two kinds of bulls: the gun bulls, who are on the wall and carry firearms; and the yard bulls, who are inside, down among the convicts, unarmed except for clubs. Some 60 to 80 yard bulls are on duty during the day.

In some ways the prison is like a city or a large university or an armed camp; and sometimes it seems like all three together. But most of all it is like a prison, and that consciousness is never far from you. If it rises from you a little, as fog rises, something is sure to bring it swooping down again, to make your eyes wary, your ears alert, your nerves tense, your manners casual with a caution that conceals caution. Convicts and guards alike carry this mark of prison upon them: an alertness that veils itself, that is more terrible than the alert fear of wild animals, for it is a fear of fear.

At the yard captain's office the new man is met by the sergeant, who says, "All right, you can come with me now." His voice is neither harsh, nor unfriendly, nor excited.

The new man is taken to a little wooden building full of cameras and lights and the sour smell of chemicals. A convict points to a chair between two arc lamps and hangs a board with numbers across the new man's chest, and takes his picture. The convict works deftly, rapidly, silently.

The clothing room is a long, narrow cave next to the hospital. Convicts are busy behind wooden counters, but none comes forward when the new man and the sergeant enter. The guard holds a heavy cane with a long iron ferrule. He brings it crashing onto the counter.

A convict hurries forward. The guard goes out the door. The new man says nothing. A heap of clothing accumulates on the counter. On the trouser waistband, on the coat pocket, on the shirt are sewed strips of tape. The convict clerk produces a pen and ink and prints a number on the tapes—54761. That number is the man's laundry mark. It is his own mark. It is himself. So far as San Quentin is concerned, he will be 54761 until he dies.

With new clothes under his arm he is led next to the hospital. After a bath he struggles into the prison garments. They are stiff with newness and cheapness, and the raw smell of mothballs is heavy in them. The cloth sticks to his hot, damp flesh. His hands tremble as he tugs at the stiff new buttonholes. He swears a little, and tries to make it sound casual, but it doesn't, because his voice is trembling too. He feels himself slipping toward panic.

The convict orderly murmurs, "Take it easy." The new man glances at him, gets the flash of a smile. *Take it easy.* The man chews over the words. Panic vanishes. He finishes dressing and goes out with the sergeant, moving stiffly in his new clothes.

He has become a convict, following the road that all men follow in becoming convicts—bankers who have robbed banks, gunmen who have robbed banks, burglars, killers, con men, forgers, farmers, merchants, laborers, gangsters, preachers, teachers, tramps, bums, crooks. One by one they come through the little gate and down the groove the new man has followed. But his

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introduction to Condemned Row still awaits him.

A DOZEN-ODD men in gray are in the yard for condemned men. Some are walking up and down before the cell block; some sit in chairs tilted back, where the noon sun beats down. Four huddle over a domino board. A guard occupies a swivel chair at the head of the yard, where he can watch the men.

"New man for you, Harris," the sergeant says.

Harris and the new man look at each other appraisingly. Harris is just past middle age, solid and husky. His hair is gray beneath the edge of his uniform cap. His blue Irish eyes are shrewd and friendly.

"You got here in time for the exercise period," he says. "We're down here from 12 to 2 every day. Come on and I'll introduce you to the boys."

The four domino players stand up with friendly smiles and handclasps. There is a handsome young fellow with sleek black hair; a barrel-chested Negro with white teeth; a cheerful little gnome of a Chinese; a curly-haired young chap with fine eyes and nose. . . . The new man meets all the men, but faces and names become a blur. The gray suits—they make everyone look like everyone else.

He mentions this to Harris when the introductions are over. Harris chuckles and agrees, but adds that this doesn't last long. You soon get so you can recognize a man as far away as you can see him, just by the cut of his jib, he explains.

The domino players invite the new man to join them. He declines, but leans against the wall, watching. In the first instant of meeting them he has made a great discovery, the truth of which he is to realize increasingly: *condemned men are people!*

One of them strolls up to him. "Take it easy," he says, "and everything will be all right. . . . "

At 2 o'clock the men go inside. Condemned Row consists of 13 cells at the east end of the tier, facing the garden. Beyond the 13th cell a little wooden gate is placed across the gallery—all that sets Condemned Row apart from the rest of the cells. There is one other mark of distinction: the iron doors of the condemned cells have their holes—little six-inch apertures at eye-level—blocked by wire grating, through which it would be impossible to poke anything larger than a match. Other cells have a single bar.

Mr. Harris and the cell-tender show the new man to his quarters. He stands in a cell six feet wide and ten feet deep. The floor is concrete, the walls are painted yellow. On the right is a small basin with a tap, and next to it a modern toilet. An iron bed, with spring and heavy mattress, fills the end of the cell from wall to wall.

The cell-tender goes off, returns carrying additional equipment. He is an elderly man, with thoughtful eyes in a lean face. He is doing a life sentence: he has been in San Quentin for 30 years; he is courteous, affable and utterly undefeated.

He brings bed and kitchen and dining-room equipment, a tooth-

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brush, paper, pencils, a sack of tobacco. He brings books—a Zane Grey novel and Hall Caine's *The Christian*—from Condemned Row's private library. They are books left by men who have been hanged. The name of the donor and the date of his execution are inscribed.

The new man makes up his bed, struggling with the heavy mattress. He rolls a cigarette. He looks at the names and dates in the books. Then he glances out through the screen door to the garden, and at the wall beyond. A guard walks along the wall with a rifle under his arm. Beyond the wall the California hills are golden and drowsy in the afternoon sun.

THE PRISON DAY has two beginnings. The first movements are subdued, isolated, the turnings and mutterings that precede the rousing of the body. Long before daybreak a lock grates somewhere and the guard swings open a cell door. He hands the key to the heavy-eyed convict who emerges, yawning; the convict swings open other cell doors.

While you watch the dawn grow through your door grating, the murmur of the awakening prison swells louder. A confused mutter of voices and scraping of shoes and furniture comes through the stone walls; the men are awake and dressing. Then with bone-shattering, unnerving clamor the great bell in the tower begins to ring. The guard tugs at the rope; the bell turns clear over itself. My cell is only 50 yards away and the noise is terrific. Yet after a few weeks it does not awaken me. You get used to anything, they say—anything but hanging.

When the bell stops there is utter silence—the same stillness that hangs over the bleachers before the start of a race. You can imagine men, hundreds of men standing behind hundreds of doors, waiting to emerge from their little stone grottoes into the day. Another bell, a gong, taps a single stroke. That is the signal. The key men race down their tiers, throwing open cell doors. A rumble of feet mounts to a rolling thunder, like the sound of cattle crossing a covered wooden bridge.

By the time the doors on Condemned Row are unlocked to let in the breakfast buckets, most of the work lines have gone out. Garage men, garden men, quarry men, road builders, longshoremen, construction men working on the new dormitories in back of the old cell blocks—all pass in single file across the garden and through the door. In each line there are 20 to 100 men.

The lines form in the main yard under the eyes of guards who are always on duty in the four-box. One at a time the lines move across the end of the garden in front of the hospital, then down the diagonal path toward the little door. Thus the line is never pointed directly toward the door or toward the bull in the gun tower above. Moving at an angle, no man is screened from the bull's rifle.

The bull leans half out the window. His eyes are everywhere and his whistle shrills often. "Get away from that door!" he shouts. "Get back there! Yes, you! Get back in

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line!" He waves his arms violently, signaling to get back, get around, get ahead, get over, get out. For all except Condemned Row, another long day of prison work has started.

At first the armed men on the walls seemed to me merely part of the scenery. The machine guns nosing out of boxes seemed symbols of authority rather than death-dealing weapons. I knew of course they *could* shoot bullets into men; but it had never occurred to me that they actually did so on occasion.

San Quentin is by no means a battlefield. But machine-gun fire is heard often from the gun towers overlooking the bay. Any bit of flotsam floating off shore is riddled with bullets, just in case some con should happen to be drifting away from prison. In addition, two other ends are served: the guards are given target practice, and the cons are reminded that they are in jail.

Yet escaping prisoners are by no means the only ones to draw fire. The riflemen can't afford to wait until they are sure an attempted break is under way. Experience has made them suspicious, even jumpy. The surest way to draw their fire is to run. Hence the admonition that appears on your ordinary theater program has special force in prison:

Walk—don't run!

The rule is invariable. Never did I see a man at San Quentin take more than three running steps. Often a man hurrying to overtake a line will be stopped by the bull in the one-box and told to "take it easy." Don't look as if you are in a hurry. Don't even walk too fast. You've got lots of time. . . .

Once there was a man who sought to turn the rule against running to his own purpose. Because he was a condemned man he tried to escape the rope; but fate and the bull's gun conspired to cheat him.

The man's try at suicide came one day when Condemned Row was down in the yard for exercise. He suddenly jumped the garden fence and started running across flower beds. The bull in the one-box blew his whistle: "Stop, or I'll shoot!"

"Go on and shoot!" the running man yelled.

So the bull started shooting and the condemned man kept running and shouting profane insults. The bull fired several shots before he brought down his quarry near the goldfish pond. But instead of killing the prisoner the bullet merely crippled him. After a spell in the hospital he was brought back and hanged, and the one-eyed gentleman who does the hanging collected his fee from the State after all. . . .

HEAVY GRAY fogs close over San Quentin on many winter mornings. On such mornings, when the men are misty wraiths against the walls, most escape attempts are made. So guards and prisoners alike dread the fogs; and when the fog comes, nerves are more than ever on edge; and all too often the waiting silence is shattered by gunfire.

We soon grew accustomed to the machine guns. But one morning the rifles began somewhere down the wall away from the garden. We needed no one to tell us that this meant business. I kept very busy at

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the far end of my cell. I didn't look out. I didn't know what I would see, but I knew I wouldn't like it.

A little while after the shooting stopped, the big bell rang for lock-up, although it couldn't have been much past 9 a.m. I heard the men marching along the galleries to their cells. There was no talking, no wise-cracking—just feet clumping and an occasional order shouted by an excited bull. Our doors were closed and locked with the rest. The bull who checked up was breathing hard with excitement.

Within half an hour everyone knew that there had been an attempt to escape over the wall near the power house; one con had been killed, though no one knew how.

About 11 o'clock a lot of bulls came into the yard below Condemned Row. I heard the doors rattling, and thought they were going to open up the prison again. Instead it was a shakedown. A guard started at the end of each line and searched each man in turn.

As the guard approached, the man would raise his arms while the bull ran his hands over him—up the arms to the shoulder, up the underside to the armpits, around and down the back, down the ribs and flanks, down the legs, outside and inside seams.

Meanwhile other guards inside were shaking down beds and possessions. I heard that the shakedown yielded a notable collection of home-made knives, clubs and other contraband. The most important find, however, was picked up from the pavement in the main yard—a new automatic pistol, fully loaded. Some con had "ditched" it there, lest it be found on him. But it was utterly impossible to trace it to anyone.

I supposed they would shake down the Row too, and got ready for inspection. But no one came near the Row. As each of the other tiers was inspected, the men were put back and locked up again.

They began to get hungry. They told the world about it. In half an hour the prison was in an uproar, with men shouting humorous, ribald and profane comments. The bulls pretended not to hear. Nothing happened until the middle of the afternoon when we saw the Warden come in. He had been away that morning. A con told me later that the Warden's first order was to "take those men out and feed them."

It was done. There was no violence. The uproar had served to blow off steam; there was the usual amount of talking and laughing going out and back. The buckets for Condemned Row came up. The prison was quiet for the rest of the day and night. It wasn't until the next day that the tenseness that always follows a disturbance began to make itself felt.

To describe that tenseness in con talk, you say that everything is "redhot." Its only outward effect is that the prison becomes quieter than usual. Every one pretends that everything is all right. On the Row, about the only difference is that Mr. Harris seems more silent than usual and doesn't let anybody get behind him. Nothing happens. It doesn't affect what you do or say, but it makes a tremendous difference in how you feel.

A day or two later all the ma-

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chine guns on the reservation started firing, singly and in groups.

They kept it up for two hours. They were reminding all of us that we were in jail.

DEGREES OF punishment in prison are not many. What happens to a man caught violating some rule—who gets in a "beef" as is the phrase in con talk—depends on the offense. And on the circumstances, for sometimes, if the offense is easily misunderstood, the penalty is out of all proportion.

But let's assume that the "beef" is one for which the con draws a ducat telling him to report to the yard captain. There the case is heard and punishment decided. One of the lightest punishments is the Sunday lockup. The offender spends all Sunday locked in his cell, and is allowed a can of water and a chunk of bread, in addition to whatever he may have on hand from the commissary or what may have been smuggled to him. The majority of Sunday-lockup victims are jute mill workers; it is standard punishment for failure to complete 100 yards of cloth a day through the week.

In more severe cases, the prisoner may be sent to the Shelf, or to Siberia, or to the Hole. These represent various degrees of solitary confinement. When you are put on the Shelf, you are locked up alone all the time and get a bucket of mainline food once a day.

Siberia differs only slightly; there you have a cell partner. Letters come to you in either place, but letter writing may be restricted.

The trouble with both is that once you get there, you are liable to stay for a weary while. It may be for months, or for years, or even for all the rest of your sentence. Confinement in the Hole, on the other hand, is much tougher while it lasts, but it doesn't last so long.

Six months is a long sentence to the Hole—and a long time to be in the Hole, for that matter. However, many of the boys prefer to take the Hole and get it over with, rather than stay indefinitely on the Shelf or in Siberia. So they stand at the doors of their Siberian cells at night and yell, "Taxi! Taxi! Take me to the Hole!" If they keep it up long enough, a guard may oblige.

The Hole is just what its name implies. You get bread and water, and once a week a bucket of mainline food. You are given overalls and a shirt to wear. No tobacco, no reading privileges—although books would avail little for there is no light in the Hole.

To be put in charge of the Hole is one of the toughest assignments a guard can have. A few days or a few weeks in the Hole are likely to make any con blow his top. He may take it out in yelling, making night and day hideous. Or he may try to escape. Each man is confined to a separate cell with a locked door, and the outer door is itself locked; if you did escape you'd still be in prison. Or the con may get violent and try to kill somebody. Or he may take to throwing slop buckets.

Such an experience befell one guard, who later told me about it. A prisoner refused to come out of the Hole. He announced his

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intention of taking to pieces the first man who came in after him. Finally the baffled bulls sent for X, who had previously been in charge of the Hole and had recently been transferred to other duties.

"I said to him, 'Mose, you behave yourself and come on out of there.' He said, 'No sah, Mister, I ain't gonna do it.' I said, 'Mose, if you ain't out of there before I count ten, I'm comin' in and get you.' He said, 'Mister, I likes you, but if you come in here I sho'ly will throw this slop bucket right at your head.'

"So I counted—as slow as I could. And he never moved. So I went in, not wantin' to a damn bit. Well, sir, he threw it all right, and I got it right in the eyes. But I brought him out."

I wondered then, as I do now, why they didn't leave Mose in there if he felt that way about it. If he was satisfied, it seems to me that everyone might have been. I also wondered what happened to Mose. But I asked no questions.

QUENTIN IS KNOWN to its inmates and to the criminal world as a "hungry" prison; the men are fed adequately but very simply, on the plainest fare. If a man has a sweet tooth, he must provide for himself. The commissary department exists to supply such wants; and commissary plays a tremendously important part in prison life. Commissary day is the big day of the month—a day of feasting, and a day of paying off gambling debts, and a day when prison gangsters and racketeers do their hardest work.

Commissary day comes on the Monday nearest the middle of the month. On the 20th of the preceding month, slips are issued to all convicts save those under punishment. The slip looks like a laundry list. On it are printed the 50-odd items which may be ordered. The price is printed opposite each; prices are wholesale, about a third less than retail store prices outside.

On the slip one may order goods to a value of $6. The lines form inside by the four-box, about 50 men to a line, and proceed to the office where the supplies are issued. Thus the men are served rapidly, and the space in front of the office is never unduly congested. Even so, the day is a busy one for the man in the one-box, and the air is full of the shrilling of his whistle and the sound of his voice telling the men to get back, get over, get around.

The men come out loaded with gunny sacks and cartons. One thus burdened with riches runs some risk in returning to his cell, if his way leads through a remote part of prison. Like the traveler of medieval times, he may be set upon by a robber band, his baggage plundered and himself threatened or beaten, for on commissary day prison gangsters ply their trade most actively.

Actual robbery with violence occurs infrequently. Ordinarily the gangster finds it easier, and safer, to use the indirect method of extortion—forcing his victims to pay for "protection." The prison gangster follows the same technique as his brothers on the outside.

The victim is warned he is in

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danger of being hijacked by some unnamed mob; but that for so many sacks of weed a month the gangster will save him from harm. Since the gangsters choose their victims with care, selecting only the more spineless and helpless, this threat usually suffices. If a man refuses to pay, or if he squeals, he will likely be knifed or slugged quietly, which not only settles his case but has an excellent moral effect on other suckers.

These racketeer mobs present one of the vicious problems in prison life. They are at the root of many disturbances; when you read of a prisoner having been knifed or slugged, the chances are good that it is the result of gang activity.

The fact that the gangs are extremely well organized, with leaders having absolute authority, renders them a constant menace to prison authorities. Six thousand individuals are only moderately dangerous —so long as they remain individuals. But sixty men acting together, under leadership, can be terribly dangerous.

That is why guards carry on unrelenting war with the gangs. But no sooner do they knock over one gang leader and break up his mob than another has formed. No matter how many finks there are, a mob may operate for months before its existence becomes known, for the gangs are run by experienced men.

As soon as a mob is known, the guards concentrate on getting something on its leaders. And if a guard really wants to hang something on to you, he will usually succeed. Then the leaders are put away—Hole, Shelf, Siberia—for as long as the rules permit; or, if possible, the big shot is transferred to Folsom Prison, where the hard cases go.

"If we could ship a hundred men to Folsom tomorrow," one guard said to me, "this would be the nicest, quietest prison you'd ever want to see." Then he added thoughtfully: "For a while. . . . "

The technique of organizing a gang is as well charted in prison as out. The first requisite is a leader, usually a man of reputation in the underworld. To make up the rank and file of the gang, the leader looks for young, impressionable lads among the prisoners. There are plenty of youngsters who are ready to accord a big-shot gangster the adulation of hero worship. Safe behind prison walls, fed, clothed and housed by the State, given ample time and opportunity for instruction, these potential Dillingers serve their apprenticeships.

They enter the prison green and inexperienced, soft for skilled hands to shape into first-class hoodlums. They leave the prison ripe for a career of crime, instructed by experts, recommended (if they prove apt pupils) to leaders in the underworld, knowing where to go, whom to see and what to say.

Our prisons are institutions of higher education for the criminal world, fully justifying the nickname of "colleges" by which they are known in that world. The graduate receives $10 and a suit of clothes, and a personal introduction to those who may be able to provide employment and advance him in his career. I imagine there are few legitimate colleges doing their work as efficiently as these universities of crime; few, too, in which the en-

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rollment is increasing so rapidly.

Lest you think I exaggerate, I will recite a story. Clyde Stevens was sent to Quentin after a series of holdups in San Francisco. He was 20, had no record of previous convictions, no record of living parents. He had been living in a box car and begging, prior to his criminal "career" of holding up grocery stores. Although nine charges were lodged against him—all petty stuff—he was convicted of only one. The district attorney's office in San Francisco recommended to the Parole Board that his sentence be made as short as possible.

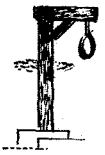
Stevens was paroled about a month after his minimum sentence had expired. Shortly before leaving Quentin, he boasted to another con that when he got out he was going to make Dillinger look like two cents. Although the board found a job for him, Stevens didn't take it. He disappeared for a few days. Then he began a series of bank robberies. He smuggled guns into Quentin—the guns used in an attempted break. He was captured a few days later and sent to Folsom.

There was a tremendous row in the newspapers, of course. The parole board took a fearful panning, which it by no means deserved. Stevens had a clean record in Quentin. He was personable, seemed intelligent, had been a model prisoner. Neither the guards nor the board are psychic; they couldn't see into Stevens' mind. Leniency had been asked by the prosecutor. How was the board to know?

Suppose Stevens had been forced to do the whole 10 years? Do you think he would have been "reformed" at the end of that time? On the contrary, isn't it likely he would have become more bitter, more vicious, more learned in iniquity?

Before going to Quentin, Stevens had robbed no banks. Yet in the crimes following his parole he employed a complicated and effective technique. If he didn't learn this technique in Quentin, where did he learn it?

I don't know the answers to these questions, although I have my opinions. But it seems to me that such questions might well be considered by the "experts" in penology who write editorials. Reading articles damning parole boards, I find it hard to believe that the problem is as simple as they make it appear. And while we are considering the prison as a prison, it seems to me that it would be well also to consider the prison as a university—of which such gentlemen as Stevens are distinguished graduates.



SHEEP ARE LED to slaughter, they say, by an old ram who at the last minute skips nimbly through a little door and leaves those who have followed him to go on to their deaths. Something of the same principle is used on the Row, to induce those who are to be killed by the State to go quietly and decently to the gallows. It is a subtle bit of business, and its great beauty lies in its apparent aimlessness.

Suppose you have been sentenced to hang, and your appeal to the Supreme Court has been refused and a new date set for your execu-

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tion. Still your hanging is not inevitable. There remains the chance that the Governor will commute your sentence to life imprisonment.

He has the case under advisement, and keeps it there, while the fatal week draws steadily closer. You sit in an agony of uncertainty on the Row, buoyed up or cast down by the remotest whisper of hope or despair. Wednesday morning dawns—your last day on the Row, the day you go up to the death cell, the Birdcage. You sit in the doorway, eyes on the porch.

If you are lucky you may see the lieutenant or sergeant coming across with a pink slip in hand—notice of a stay of execution. It is quite probable, however, that you will go down at noon and have your last shave and haircut and come back upstairs again before you get the stay—if the stay arrives at all.

Perhaps the pink slip will not come until you have spent 24 hours in the Birdcage. Even then it will only be a stay—a brief postponement of execution while the Governor studies your case further. And as that new lease on life draws to a close, you again go through all the torture of uncertainty, of waiting.

While I was on the Row three men went up to the death cell, stayed there overnight, came back again. Two of them later had their sentences commuted. So you see the fact that you go to the Birdcage does not necessarily mean that you will be hanged. You can never be sure, right up to the minute the Man drops the floor out from under you, but that a stay may yet come.

The men on the Row are bitter about this business of waiting. They believe it is the result either of cruelty or callousness on the Governor's part; or that it is done for publicity. Certainly the last-minute reprieve is a dramatic gesture, and justifies larger headlines than if the announcement comes a week or two in advance of the event. So whatever gratitude the condemned man and his fellows may feel for a stay is offset by resentment over its timing. Even Mr. Harris couldn't understand this practice—or so he said.

Many a man comes to the Row swearing he will never hang; that if his life is to be taken it will be by his own hands. But the instinct to live is strong, and it feeds on hope; and hope needs no ground of reason in which to root, for like an air plant it draws nourishment from the idle winds. So the man waits, until his hope has betrayed him to the gallows.

One on the Row has open to him a score of roads to death. One who really wants to kill himself can do so, even though he be stripped naked and locked in a bare cell—so long as he is not watched too closely. But if the condemned man is to take one of the roads death offers, it must be taken before he climbs the stairs to the Birdcage; for here he is too closely guarded for suicide, and the only path left to him is up the 13 steps.

So those whose duty it is to see that we die publicly and by rote take shrewd advantage of our instinct to live and to hope, and see to it that some of us who go to the Birdcage return to the Row to wait and hope again.

To leave the Row by the front door—that is a thing that happens

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but once in many years. Why did it happen to me? True, I was innocent of any crime; but innocent men have been hanged before. True, the evidence against me was so trifling as to constitute, in the words of the Supreme Court, a "mere suspicion"; but there were men on the Row against whom the evidence of guilt was no more convincing, yet their pleas were refused by the Court.

True, every fact in the case pointed to my innocence, proved there had never been any crime committed at all; but facts have no value unless presented and understood, and honestly accepted.

No; those objective circumstances were not enough in themselves to take me off the Row, although escape would have been impossible without them. They were tools, no more. My great fortune lay in having the help of family and friends outside, able to make effective use of the tools.

I knew it, and my fellows on the Row also knew it. And that good fortune they did envy me, pathetically, wistfully. It is not altogether a happy thing to be the lucky one among many whose luck is out. You feel helpless and bitter, and the one feeds on the other until they merge into an angry, cursing impotence, the worse for being throttled . . .

The county officers had 30 days after the Supreme Court decision in which to remove me from San Quentin. They took their full share of the time. This was the longest month I ever spent, before or since.

Then one afternoon of pouring rain the lieutenant appeared at the cell door. We went out across the yard to the clothing room, bent to the storm. A new outfit was waiting for me; but the garments carried no number. The clothes were my own, the ones I had worn into the prison 13 months before. They had been laundered and cleaned, against the outside chance that I might be going back again. And the outside chance had won.

Going across the garden to the little iron door that led Outside, I looked up at the Row. I knew that behind each door a man stood, watching me. The rain and the screens hid them from me. But they would be waving to me, waving good-bye. I waved back to them, furtively after the prison habit, and a little shamefacedly because I was the one with all the luck.

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Editor-in-Chief:
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Executive Editor:
GORDON CARROLL
Managing Editor:
HARRIS SHEVELSON
Contributing Editors:
SIDNEY CARROLL
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GUS BERKES
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FRITZ BAMBERGER
European Editor:
ARNOLD GINGRICH
La Paquis, St. Saphorin, Lavaux, Vaud, Switzerland

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Cover Girl: Missouri-born Georgia Lange was a Goldwyn Girl when an appendicitis attack and doctors' orders ended her movie career. Right now, her ambition is to become a successful model. With a face as lovely as hers, how can she miss? KODACHROME BY MEAD-MADDICK

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A Gem from the Coronet Story Teller

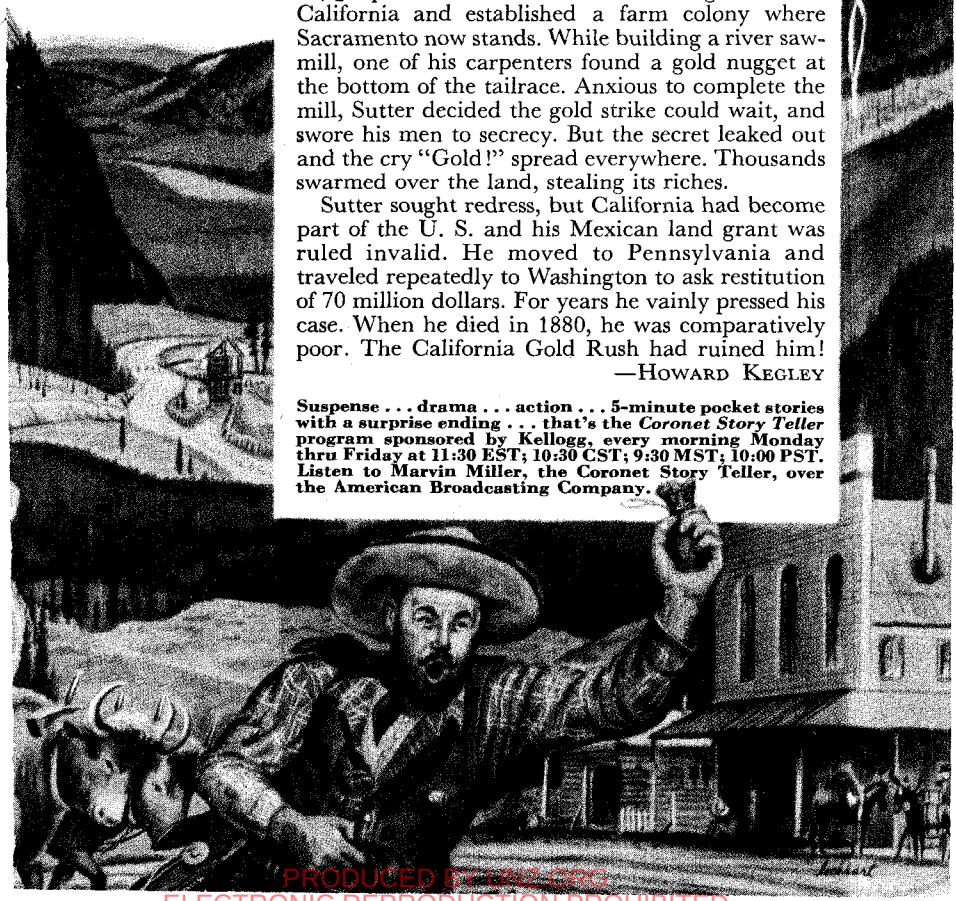
HE SHOULD HAVE been America's richest man — perhaps the world's. But the millions he possessed early in life — millions he might have pyramided — melted as his possessions were taken from him bit by bit. When he died, Johann A. Sutter's chief source of income was a 250-dollar monthly pension from the state of California.

Ironically, Sutter's troubles began when gold was found on his land. In 1841 he received a grant of 76½ square miles from the Mexican governor of California and established a farm colony where Sacramento now stands. While building a river sawmill, one of his carpenters found a gold nugget at the bottom of the tailrace. Anxious to complete the mill, Sutter decided the gold strike could wait, and swore his men to secrecy. But the secret leaked out and the cry "Gold!" spread everywhere. Thousands swarmed over the land, stealing its riches.

Sutter sought redress, but California had become part of the U. S. and his Mexican land grant was ruled invalid. He moved to Pennsylvania and traveled repeatedly to Washington to ask restitution of 70 million dollars. For years he vainly pressed his case. When he died in 1880, he was comparatively poor. The California Gold Rush had ruined him!

—HOWARD KEGLEY

Suspense . . . drama . . . action . . . 5-minute pocket stories with a surprise ending . . . that's the *Coronet Story Teller* program sponsored by Kellogg, every morning Monday thru Friday at 11:30 EST; 10:30 CST; 9:30 MST; 10:00 PST. Listen to Marvin Miller, the Coronet Story Teller, over the American Broadcasting Company.



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I thought I should not walk these dunes again,
Nor feel the sting of this wind-bitten sand,
Where the coarse grasses always blow one way,
Bent, as my thoughts are, by an unseen hand.
—Sara Teasdale

WEST COAST OF FLORIDA

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